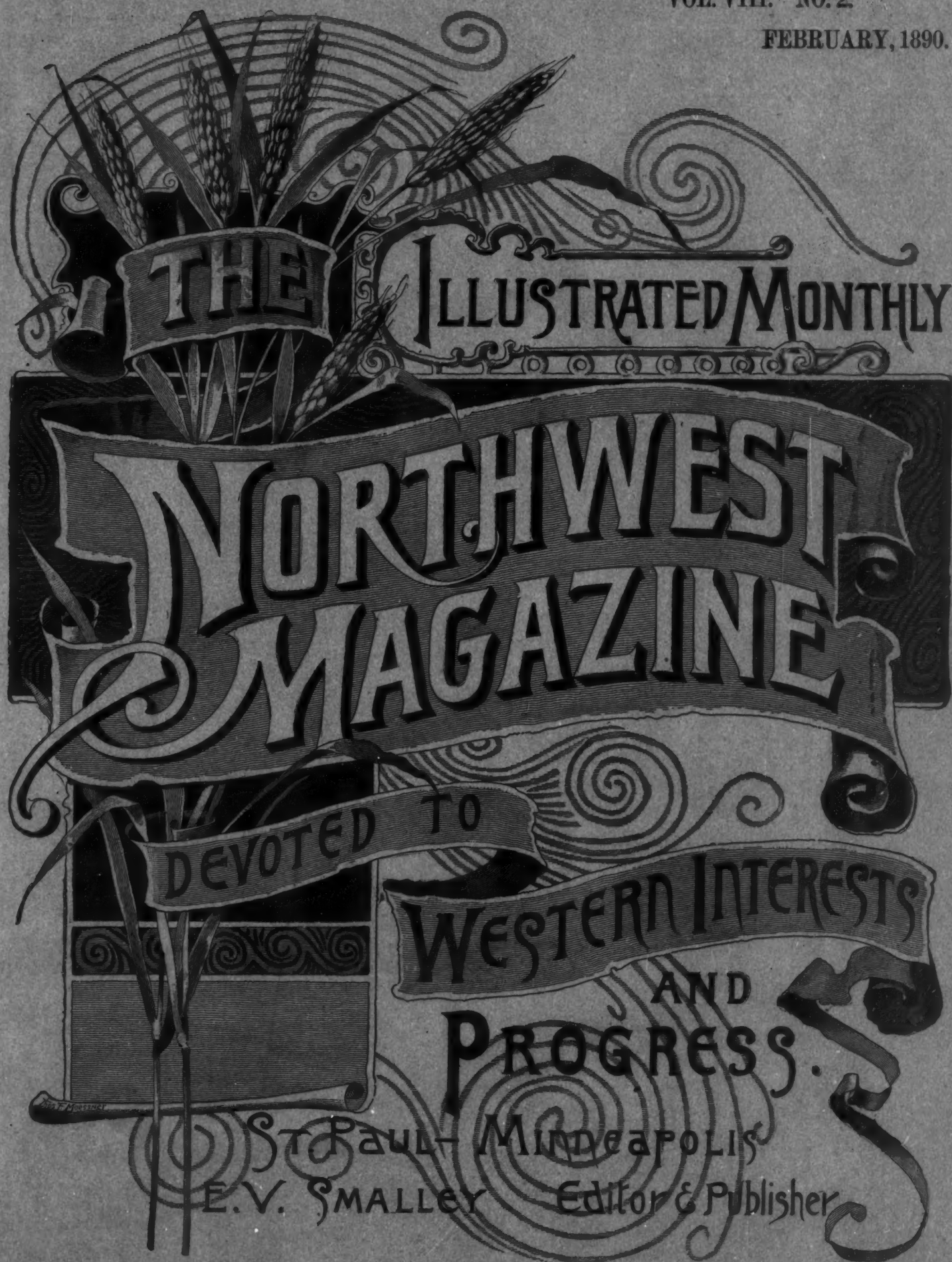


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FEBRUARY, 1890.



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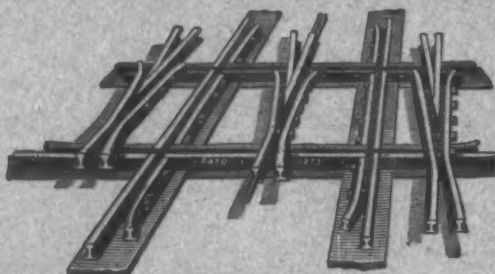
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THE NORTHWEST

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HOPE, ON LAKE PEND D'OREILLE.

In that part of Northern Idaho known as the Panhandle lies one of the most beautiful mountain lakes to be found on the American continent. Its length is about thirty miles and its average width about six. Its waters, of a lovely green color along the shore, change to a deep blue as they deepen away from the pebbly beaches. From its southern extremity rise the almost perpendicular cliffs of a lofty and somber range of mountains. On the western shore the mountains are lower and less rugged. From the south the Clarke's Fork River enters the lake between the frowning granite declivities of the Cabinet Range and the steep, pine-clad slopes of the Cœur d'Alenes, and the same river issues from the northern end of the lake and flows through a wild, narrow valley, closely hemmed in by mountain ranges. All the country, whether it be lake shore, river valley or mountain sides, is covered with forests of evergreen trees, save where the declivities are too abrupt for vegetation to get a foothold.

It was the tenth of January when our car was dropped at Hope from the west-bound express. There had been a heavy snowfall and from the white roofs of the houses hung enormous icicles. The railway yards were ridged with breast high embankments of snow between the tracks. The lake showed no ice, although the mercury had been down to zero within a few days. In the coldest winter ever known in this region the lake froze out to the island in front of the town but the main body of water was open. A little steamer came puffing across from the mines on the west shore shortly after our arrival. Navigation is kept up all winter, yet the latitude is higher than that of Duluth. The only theory I heard advanced for the lake never freezing was that its depth is great and that there are under currents which bring the warm water from below to the surface. The rapid river, both above and below the lake, was frozen solidly from bank to bank.

Hope is an odd sort of place. It is built on three terraces—the lower one wide enough for the railway yards and station buildings but the two upper ones barely accommodating a single street each, and this accommodation is so scanty that there is room for buildings only on one side of these shelf-like streets. So abrupt is the slope that the backyards of the houses are higher than their roofs. The little town, clinging to a mountain side and looking out upon the

lake, would be quite Swiss in its appearance were it not for the newness of its wooden buildings. It is, in fact, only two years old. The Northern Pacific had a divisional terminus point at Heron, a little way up the Clarke's Fork River, but it was a lonesome place, shut in by the dense forests that everywhere fill the narrow valley of that stream. An order from the General Manager set the whole place on wheels and moved it down to the shore of the beautiful lake, where it has attracted new life and trade and has a good prospect of long-continued growth. Just beyond the present limits of the place there is a handsome and almost level point jutting out into the lake which will afford ample buildings space for a town of

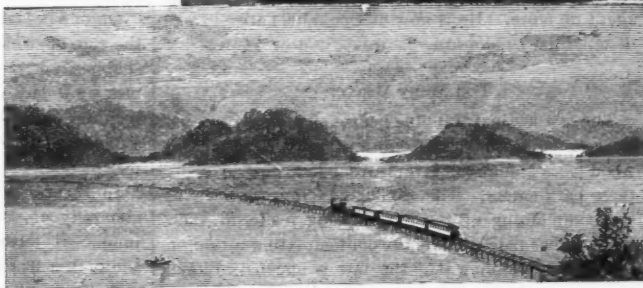
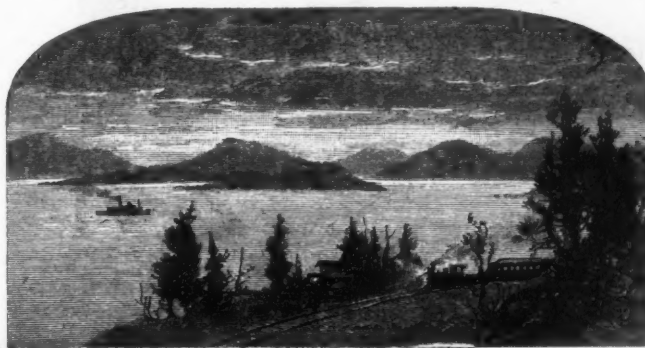
tant up a gulch. There is already a town laid off at Lakeview and the building and working of the mill will make it a lively place next summer. All the business of this new mining district now comes to the railroad at Hope on small steamboats, and Hope will necessarily grow with the development of this very promising silver camp.

Northeast of Hope, and about forty miles away, is the Kootenai River, an eccentric stream, which heads far up in British Columbia, flows southward into Montana and then makes a sharp loop and returns to the dominions of Queen Victoria. It is navigable for over one hundred miles and two steamers run upon it to a number of galena silver mines along its shores.

East of Hope the high walls of the Cabinet Mountains are broken through by a wide valley which is the only practicable route for a railway from the Northern Pacific line to the Kootenai Country. Much of the trade of the Kootenai mines and ranches now comes to Hope and Hope will thrive in a direct ratio to the development of that extensive region. Besides the mines on Lake Pend d'Oreille and the mines on the Kootenai, Hope has large lumber resources and as a divisional point on the railroad is the home of an operative force of train men and

yard men large enough of itself to create a smart village. As wealth and population increase in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho the decided attractions of Lake Pend d'Oreille as a summer resort for hunting and fishing and camping will draw every year more and more people and summer visitors will add to the revenues of Hope. A very pretty summer hotel, with wide verandas has been built by the railroad company high up on the slope of the mountain among the pines. There is nothing on Lake George as fine as the view of the lake and the near and distant mountain ranges from the verandas of this house. Nor can Lake Tahoe, in the Sierras of Nevada, compare with Lake Pend d'Oreille for a fascinating combination of beauty and grandeur.

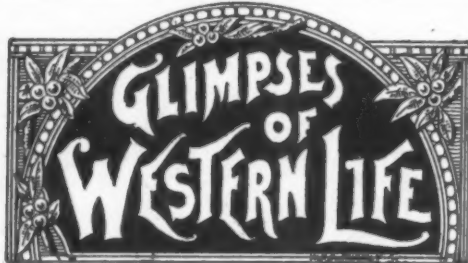
In the Cascade Mountains, about seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville, Ore., is Great Sunken Lake, the deepest lake in the world; it is said to average 2,000 feet down to the water on all sides; the depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is as smooth and unruffled as a mammoth sheet of glass, it being so far below the mountain rim as to be unaffected by the strongest winds; it is about fifteen miles in length and four and one-half wide.



VIEWS ON LAKE PEND D'OREILLE.

5,000 people. The present picturesque and precipitous site of the town was chosen because a railway yard could be more economically graded here than elsewhere and the railroad official who had the matter in charge thought of nothing but his side tracks and roundhouse.

There can be no doubt that Hope will soon grow to be a considerable town. Across the lake are the Chloride group of mines, discovered two years ago. One of these mines is actively worked on an enormous ledge of chloride silver ore, fifty feet wide, which shows in its average assays \$35 per ton. A ten stamp mill will be put up this year at Lakeview, the landing for the mines, which are about six miles dis-



THE BEST MAN EVER WUZ.

Jap Miller down at Martinsville's the blamedest feller yit! When he starts in a talkin' other folks is apt to quit. 'Pears like that mouth o' his'n wuzn't made fer nothin' else But jes' to argify 'em down and gather in their pelts. He'll talk you down on tariff, or he'll talk you down on tax, And prove the pore man pays 'em all—and them's about the facts!

Religion, law er politics, prize-fittin' or baseball—Jes' teck Jap up a little and he'll post you 'bout 'em all.

And the comicallest feller ever tilted back a cheer, And tuck a chaw terbacker kind o' like he didn't keer, There's where the feller's strength lays—he's so common-like and plain.

They ain't no dude about old Jap, you bet you, nary grain! They 'looted him to council and it never turned his head, And didn't make no difference what anybody said—He didn't dress no finer, ner rag out in fancy clothes; But his voice in council meetin' is a turrer to his foes.

He's fer the pore man ever 'time, and in the last campaign He stumped old Morgan County, through the sunshine and the rain,

And helt the banner up 'ards from a-trailin' in the dust, And out loose on monopolies and cuss'd and cuss'd and cuss'd!

He'd tell some funny story ever 'now and then, you know, Tel, blame it, it wuz better'n a jack-o'-lantern show! And I'd go furdur yit, to-day, to hear old Jap norate Than any high-toned orator 'at ever stumped the State!

W'y, that air blamed Jap Miller, with his keen, surcastic fun,

Has got more friends than any candidate 'at ever run, Don't matter what his views is, when he states the same to you,

They allus coincide with yourn the same as two and two. You can't take issue with him—er at least they ain't no sense

In startin' in to down him, so you better not commence—The best way's jest to listen, like yer humble servant does,

And jes' concede Jap Miller is the best man ever wuz!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A New Game for Boys.

The boys of Garfield have devised a game that certainly never has been seen anywhere else. One boy mounts a cayuse and attaches a sled to the pommel of the saddle by means of a long rope, gets a boy on the sled and dashes off at full speed, past a crowd of boys drawn up in line, each armed with a couple of snow balls, which he fires at the sled as he speeds by, never stopping till he has run the gauntlet from end to end.—*Garfield, (Wash.,) Enterprise.*

A Mountain of Clam Shells.

A mountain of clam shells is something that is not often heard of, and here, as in other things, Washington leads the van. About three miles east of Mount Vernon such a one exists. It is over six hundred feet high and has a surface of soil of nearly a foot. Underneath this, clam shells abound to the level depth. Col. Britton, the locator, says that it is the neatest illustration of the Herbert Spencer theory of the contraction of the earth's surface that he ever met. There are trees growing on the mountain which show an age—judging by the rings around the heart—of from 150 to 200 years.—*Seattle (Wash.,) Press.*

A Buffalo Farm.

Mr. Chas. Allard, of the Flathead Indian Reservation, states that he has at present forty-eight head of buffalo on his ranch, including ten young calves. This is now the largest herd of buffalo in the United States. Mr. Allard says that all are healthy and doing well, and that it is his intention to keep the herd until it increases to a size many times larger than it is. Mr. Allard's design in preserving a herd of these

animals, which have become nearly extinct, is surely commendable. At an early day his stock of buffaloes will be worth a good sized fortune.—*Missoula (Mont.) Missoulian.*

He is Now Sober.

The scarcity of editorial and local in our wide-awake journal this week is owing to a delightful superabundance of pious church meetings during the very happy Christmas festivities. We are now sober, in mind and body and will have our sun-burnt ear open for business next week.—*Red Lodge, (Mont.,) Picket.*

A Lady Special Indian Agent.

Miss A. C. Fletcher, the only lady special Indian agent in the service, was in the city for a short time Saturday on her way to Washington. She had been looking after the nation's wards on the Lapwai reservation during the summer, and it is said will be delegated to make the allotment of the Umatilla reservation lands when that happy event comes to pass. Special Indian Agent Fletcher is an elderly lady, her hair being whitened by the frosts, possibly, of two score years. She is a business-like appearing woman, and doubtless does her work as well as any agent of the sterner sex. It was learned indirectly from the lady that Judge Welton, who for some time



SUNDAY MORNING IN A MINING CAMP.

had charge of the Umatilla reservation, is a special agent no more. He is now at Spokane Falls.—*Pendleton East Oregonian.*

Too Many Beaver.

The law against trapping beaver should be repealed as soon as possible, as thousands of young cottonwood trees along our rivers are being destroyed by these bark eaters. The ranchmen along Sun River are complaining of the havoc being made in their little timber patches, and are contemplating a raid on the beaver, claiming that the law is unconstitutional and that it will not stick because, while it protects the animal, the animal destroys much valuable timber and damages the owner thereof and does in no way benefit the people. They claim that no law is constitutional that protects wild animals in opposition to the interests of the community, and ask for its repeal.—*Sun River (Mont.,) Sun.*

Great Poker Hands.

Recently a game of poker was in progress in Mullan and there happened to be a "jack-pot," when a new deck of cards was called for. The new deck was shuffled and dealt without examination. The player who held the "edge" opened the pot, the next player "raised" and the next also, and so on to the dealer, who "raised" also; each player stood the raise until a call was effected all around, and the dealer laid the

deck down, each player "standing pat." Each player grinned and passed and the dealer, with a suspicious smile, laid down his hand of four aces and a king; the next player laid down four kings and an ace; the next four aces and a king; the next three aces and two kings, and the next three kings and two aces. Each player looked at the next, and upon examining the deck it was found to consist of aces and kings, having come from the factory in this way. There was about \$100 in the "pot" and each player withdrew his money, the two players holding invincible hands remarking that they never held four aces against four aces before.—*Mullan, Idaho, Tribune*

A Sportsman's Paradise.

If there is one thing more than another of which the Flathead Country boasts, it is her unequalled hunting and fishing privileges. Nowhere in Montana or any other State can deer be found so plentiful as in this section. The question now seriously arises how long is this going to last? Deer are being, or at least have been slaughtered in untold numbers, peddled about, shipped, and in many cases hunted for their skins alone. If this is allowed to go on without a check, it will only be a very short time until our deer will be a rare animal. There is plenty of game in this country to last the settler and hunter for years and years if protected from the ravages of a few lawless men who seek to make hunting and trapping their only source of sustenance. No one, we think, will object to any farmer or hunter for killing game for his own table either in or out of season, for our game has been the means of helping out many a poorly provided larder, and we assert that a man is justified in killing what game he wants for his own use. We noticed last Monday a man drive through town with twenty or more deer. Many hunters are boasting of having killed from twenty to seventy deer during the past hunting season.—*Demersville (Mont.) Inter-Lake.*

The Swiftest Running Animal.

Walter L. Wilder in the New York Sun: In a recent number of the Sun I saw a statement that the greyhound is the swiftest quadruped. But there is an animal on the Colorado plains which is much swifter. It is the small red prairie fox, commonly known as the "swift." A good greyhound will pull down two or three from a bunch of antelopes, but the swift escapes readily from him. In the chase the fox will stop still until the hound is near him, and repeat the same maneuver. It does not jump like a hound, but runs with a peculiar gliding motion. Its legs are of medium length and muscular.

On one occasion one escaped from a box trap, by the side of which I was standing. Near me was a shepherd dog, who was a good enough runner to pick up a jack-rabbit occasionally. The dog jumped for the fox as the latter came out of the trap, yet at a distance of 150 feet the fox stopped still and waited for the dog.

In regard to jack rabbits they are not so swift as generally supposed. Their progress is by tremendous jumps. I have measured twenty-four feet in the snow, in a straight line between successive footprints, and the animal was going up hill, too. But in these flights they lose time, and the hound, wolf and fox, whose feet strike the ground more constantly, will readily overtake them.

These facts are from my own experience, and may be relied upon.

A Lucky Deaf and Dumb Miner.

George Miller was in Helena yesterday, and gives an interesting description of the Greenanum mine on Gold Creek and its lucky owner. There is at present in the breast of the forty foot tunnel not less than three feet of pure steel galena, that will run eighty per cent. lead and twenty-five ounces in silver, and every shot increases the quantity of ore. It is generally admitted by good judges that this new strike bids fair to develop into the best mine in the

Cœur d'Alene country. Five short weeks ago John M. Smith, the mute owner of the mine did not have a dollar nor a place to lay his head, but some one would occasionally give him a square meal for no one was ever known to go hungry in a mining camp. The lucky glow of fortune that now shines upon this poor deaf mute has changed his appearance. The other day he wrote on a piece of paper. "No files on me now!" and started for the best strike of the season with a pick and shovel on his back. Haskins, Pulse & Finley have bonded the mine for \$10,000. A writer familiar with the circumstances of the owner and discoverer of this great strike writes the following: "Last winter when the scribe came to Mullen, Smith, or the 'dummy,' as he was called, was trying to get some one to give him a grub stake. He did not intend to look for silver or lead, thinking it required too much time and labor to develop that kind of a mine. He was after gold and nothing else. The snow had hardly left the ground before he was out, glass in hand, prospecting the side-hills below the town for the yellow metal. Frequently he would come in with pieces of rock that contained pyrites of iron, which he would always claim was gold. In

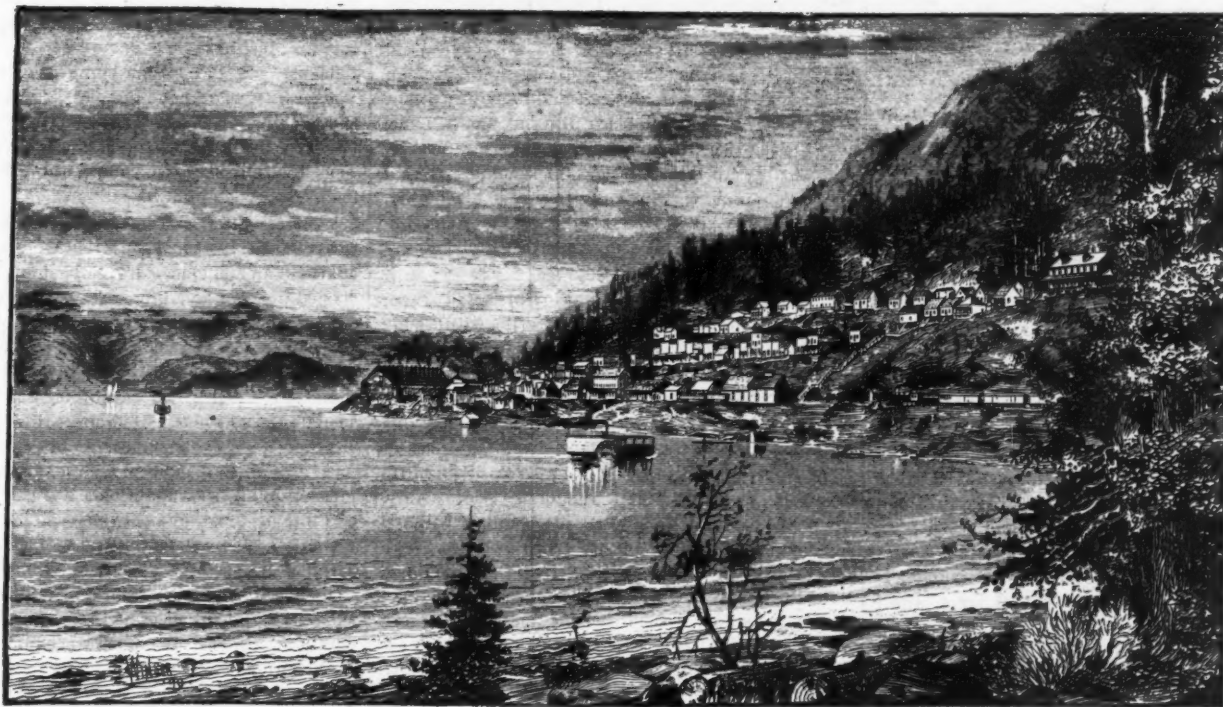
taking the children and selling them into slavery. This we determined to put a stop to. Another custom they had was that upon the death of a man having slaves and horses, they would kill the slaves and horses, except the favorite slave, whom they would bind upon the body of the dead man and place both in a canoe, which would be placed upon high poles, and thus the poor wretch was left to starve to death—consigned to a living tomb. These practices we also determined should cease and the Indians be compelled to bury their dead. To satisfy the Indians so that they would submit to our demands peacefully, we also agreed to protect them in all cases where the Lower Sound Indians attempted to raid their country. When we made known the result of our meeting to old Gray Head, the chief of the Tumwater branch of the Nisqually tribe, he was well pleased and assured us that he would assist us in carrying out our ideas, and that we could depend upon him as a friend and supporter and such we found him afterwards to be. In pursuing the course thus laid down with the Indians we had no trouble or cause for complaint against those living immediately about us. It was not until 1849 that we saw any cause for fear. In

distance he wasn't of much account for a bear fight.

Though the natives now have good guns, I think that some of them follow the same method yet, for not long since down in the Indian village I saw two fresh pelts skinned to the tip of the nose and toenails, stretched out in a frame like an overgrown bedquilt, and leaning against the houses to dry. I examined them closely and there was not a shot-hole nor break anywhere save two slits about five inches long in each, in the flank near the groin.

We have no frogs, toads, snakes, or salvation army in Alaska. Sea birds in myriads swarm on and around the islands to the westward. Here we have only an occasional robin, blue-jay, chipping-bird or sparrow. The flinty ice-spears and glacier-capped peaks far above the clouds are the eyrie of the eagle. But catching fish so easily, they have so much to live on that they get so fat they can hardly fly and look like over-grown turkeys.

But the bird of Alaska is the raven, said to be the root of the word "ravenous." I am no linguist, but from the manner in which they get away with everything in sight I think the derivation is probable. They are said to live from seventy-five to 100 years



VIEW OF HOPE, ON LAKE PEND D'OREILLE, IDAHO.

April he built a rude log hut on the bank of Gold Creek, 100 yards up from the south fork and about 100 yards further up he commenced to dig for gold. He did not find it in the shape he expected, but he found what has proved to be the finest prospect struck in the Cœur d'Alene this year." Old "Dame Fortune" casts her smiles on strange characters, and is about as fickle in her movements as a streak of lightning.—*Helena Journal*.

Old Fort Nisqually.

A. B. Rabbeson, the pioneer, says: "Away back in '46 when Dr. Tolmie was chief factor at Fort Nisqually, Wash., the following rates prevailed in trading with the Indians: One day's work, one cotton handkerchief; one week's work, one hickory shirt; one month's work, one three-point blanket; use of canoe to Nisqually and back, one cotton handkerchief; one deer ham, one load powder and ball; three ducks, one load powder and shot; one barrel cranberries, five yards white cotton cloth; fifty chinook salmon, one hickory shirt; one good horse, one musket. It was a common practice with the chiefs, when the parents of children died, even of their own tribe, of

that year the Snohomish tribe attacked Fort Nisqually, and in the fight ensuing Mr. Wallace, one of our people, lost his life.

"Bear Hunt Injun."

There are many bears in Southeast Alaska—known as the brown bear—but really the grizzly. They will not only give battle but they will hunt a man by his scent and through following his track. They are hard-lived and will "get away" with an immense amount of lead shot through their vitals; and if they see where a ball plows up the ground or snow after having passed through their bodies they will fight the spot. The natives say: "White, he big fool; he go hunt bear; get tired. Injun go; sit down; rest; let bear hunt him." Indian hunters used to kill them by waiting until the bear would rear upon his hind legs, when they would lunge a wide blade spear into his flank. True to the hugging proclivities, the bear would seize the spear and drive it further into himself. The native would run and when bruin had finished amusing himself with the spear he would follow, dragging his entrails (what he didn't leave hanging to the brush) after him, and after going some

I don't think they could learn all their cunning and mischief in less time. The pigs here subsist by rooting up clams and "candle-fish," about eight inches long, which burrows in the sand and follows the receding tide. Alighting on the pig's back, as soon as he roots up a fish the raven sees it first and jumps down and swallows it, or if it be a clam carries it up, dropping it on a rock in order to crack it. They have an inveterate hatred of an Indian dog, and if the canine gets a bone the ravens hover over a stick or stone near him as if in high carnival. With reciprocal hatred the dog leaves his repast and pounces at the birds, when they seize the bone, and if there is nothing on it that they want will carry it out and drop it into the water.

A piece of stale venison, consisting of nearly half a deer, had been thrown out on the beach. The pigs were making a fine meal upon it. The ravens wanted it. Circling around as if in consultation, they espied a pair of worn-out soldier's pants which they picked up, carried over, and dropped near the pigs, which latter instantly made a dive for it. Then the ravens swooped down and carried off the tainted meat in triumph!

TOLD BY THE COLONEL.

A Story of the Signal Code.

BY W. E. P. FRENCH.

"Come in. Ah! a card for me? Hello! Carson of the 11th Cavalry. Yes, I am at home. Show Captain Carson up, Robert, and send me a decanter of Bourbon—'Old Crow'—some glasses and a pitcher of ice water. Leave the door open, the hall is a little dark."

"How are you, Carson? I am delighted to see you."

"Yes, I am 'pretty fit' for three score and upwards, thank you. Take that steamer chair and stretch out. How are madame and the little ones?"

"In the city! That's jolly. I will pay my respects this evening. I saw by the journal you were on leave."

"Little Effie engaged! Why, the deuce take it! It is over ten years since we said good bye at Fort Russell, when you exchanged into the cavalry, and the little witch must be near nineteen. Who is the lucky man?"

"Indeed! I knew his father well in ante-bellum days—Come in. Put the decanter here, Robert. No, nothing else, thanks.—You still have a speaking acquaintance with 'John Barleycorn,' I hope, Carson?"

"That's right, mix a tod and light a cigar, old man; here's 'How!' By-the-bye, you must be close to your majority, aren't you?"

"Why, your chances are capital. Madden is head of the list and will get Corey's vacancy the last of the month, Finch retires in February, and if old Sellers don't go before the Retiring-Board pretty soon he will dry up and blow away. You are bound to get it in a year, and, probably, in your own regiment. Here's to the gold leaf, my boy; I wish it was the eagle."

"They're not bad rooms, and the table is capital, especially the restaurant. Stay to luncheon with me."

"Yes you can. I'll telephone madame; she won't mind, and I want you all to dine with me this evening and go to the theatre."

"Nonsense, you shall. I don't get hold of old friends too often."

"Not another word. Fill your glass, sir, and obey the orders of your old commanding officer cheerfully."

"Thanks. I'll agree to the condition and spend a month with you gladly."

"It has been my headquarters since '85. I went abroad for a couple of years after I was retired and came to this old army stamping ground when I returned. Poor Jim Grierson (sad thing his death, wasn't it?) was on duty at the War Department at the time and asked me to come to this hotel, and I have been here ever since."

"No; I have n't seen any of the 26th for a year or more, except a youngster just from the Point whose name has escaped me. They were stationed with your regiment in Oregon, were they not?"

"I thought so."

"Kicked about the last change of station, did they? You can't blame them much; after eleven years of the frying pan to be transferred to the fire. Put your ashes on the floor—bachelorhood has its compensations. By the way, speaking of the 26th, was Major Searles at the same post with you?"

"Melancholy mad, was he. I don't wonder at it. Humph! Where is he stationed now, do you know?"

"Dead! Shot himself! Good God, you don't say so! When?"

"Ah! that accounts for my not having heard of it. I only returned to the city this morning from New York and haven't seen the papers yet. Poor devil!"

"Looked like a man with a history?" By the Eternal! I should think he might. His suicide is the third violent death in the saddest drama of real life that I have ever seen put on the world's stage, and with him dies the last actor in the tragedy, except myself, and I was supernumerary."

"Well, I don't know that there is any reason why I shouldn't tell you the story; there is no one to be hurt by it now, that I know of. But, to be on the safe side, if you ever repeat it, don't give names, for, come to think of it, the poor boy had a sister, and she may be living.—That cigar isn't burning well, Carson. Light a fresh one and let's hit the enemy again."

"Of course I have. Lots of sugar and some lemons and nutmeg, too. Wait a bit till I get them for you. I remember you used to be a famous hand at a brew. There you are; all the fixin's."

"Thank you, yes; you may make mine long. Do you remember that fiendish mess dear Mother O'Hara gave us under the name of egg-nogg at Russell one New Year's day? The old girl used 'Tricopherous,' or some awful smelling hair persuader, and I always believed she had touched up the egg nogg with it, either by accident or design. Phew! it was nasty. I can taste it yet, though I got only a mouthful, for, under pretence of admiring the old lady's fuchsias, I surreptitiously poured an oblation to mother earth. But Billy Mason, who adored anything potable, swallowed his at a gulp, gasped, choked, turned purple, and began trying to say things. Knowing his temper and dreadful frankness, I dragged him out, but, before I had fairly closed the front door, he got his breath and burst forth with, 'Damn the stuff! It's got hair oil in it.'"

"So you were; I recollect now; you helped me take him home—how he did go on. By Jove! old man, that is a famous toddy. You are a genius at mixing, and—Oh, the story. Let me see. It began shortly after I got my promotion as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 34th; eighteen years ago. The whole regiment was stationed at a certain, large Southern city, when I joined, and, though I was sorry to leave the dear old 2nd, in which I had served as Lieutenant, Captain, and Major, I was soon at home and fond of my new army family. That fall Jack Hasson was assigned to us. He was a civilian appointment, a New Yorker, and we all were rather curious to see him. An old schoolmate of mine, who was a cousin of his mother, wrote to me, asking that I would see the young fellow fairly started in his army career, so I telegraphed him to come to my quarters."

"He 'took' from the first day of his service, and, within a month, was a general favorite with young and old, including the cats and dogs and 'Mrs. General Scratchem's' parrot, a most evil-tempered bird that bit everybody excepting the 'Generaleess,' as we used to call her, and Jack, whom polly adored. He was a handsome boy; tall, broad-shouldered; as well 'set up' as a West Pointer in 'yearling' June; dark as a Spaniard, bright, jolly, quick and graceful as a cat; with cordial, winning manners and the finest brown eyes I ever saw, save and except the other pair that were his and their own undoing.—Gad! she was a glorious woman. But I am going too fast. The bachelor mess at the post was beastly, the table was bad, and every man that sat around it drank like a fish, so when Hasson, two or three days after his arrival, proposed to join it I invited him to mess with me, which he did to the end."

"Searles was away on leave, and about a month before he returned we got his wedding cards, much to the surprise of everyone, as he was not considered a marrying man. I had never met him, and no one knew the lady."

"For some time I had been much interested in visual signalling and Hasson and I got up a code of flag and torch signals that, oddly enough, was nearly a counterpart of the Morse Code now in general use, with the exception that a wave or motion to the left was for a dot and to the right for a dash, while the 'fronts' were used exclusively for punctuation. We became expert at both sending and receiving and used to practice at the table with a knife or fork and in the hop room, using in the latter place a slight motion of the thumb or forefinger of each hand. We had great fun out of it and could talk to each other anywhere without being detected."

"I loved the bright-faced, light-hearted boy, and he was as affectionate to me as if he had been my son. He was away on a fishing trip when Major (then Captain) and Mrs. Searles arrived and did not return until they had been nearly a week at the post."

"I called the second evening and, I give you my word, I was almost stricken dumb with surprise. Never, before or since, have I seen such an illy assorted couple. Searles, as you know, is—was,

rather—a man of almost satanic face and disposition, unsocial to a degree, with a caustic wit that spared neither friend nor foe, a laugh as mirthless as a steam-whistle and the manners of a bear with a sore back. But he is dead, and '*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*' I disliked the man cordially at first sight, and the dislike ripened into a warm hatred before long. To do him justice, however, he had one good trait (few of us have not), and that was his affection for dogs. I sometimes fancied that, in some previous existence, he had been one—the one in the manger, maybe. She was his opposite in every respect, even in coloring, for Searles was of a marked and peculiarly cold blond type—and she, in skin, eyes and hair, was a replica of Jack Hasson. Nature had tinted them both from the same palette. Right here, let me say that I have no faith in the theory of opposites, for Captain and Mrs. Searles were antipodal from every faculty of mind to the color, or want of it, in an eyelash; and there was not an atom of love between them and never would have been to the crack of doom—"

"I beg pardon?"

"Yes, I speak bitterly, for, though I know absolutely nothing about the past history of either, I am morally certain that Searles entrapped or bribed her into marrying him through his power to injure something near and dear to her. She was a beautiful creature, just in the blossom of perfect womanhood. Evidently 'to the manor born,' she was a gentlewoman '*jusque au bout des ongles.*' Singularly self-poised for so young a woman (she was barely twenty), there was, yet, no touch of arrogance or conceit about her. Of course, the garrison dubbed them 'Beauty and the Beast.'

"The day after Hasson's return we went for a walk early in the afternoon, and, as we neared Searles's quarters, an ambulance drove up, stopped, and a lady opened the door and prepared to get out. We both started forward to assist, but, before she saw us, or we could reach her, she had put her foot on the top step and jumped. You know how high the infernal things are. Her gown caught on the brake bar or something and she fell headlong. How Hasson did it I never could understand, for he was several feet away from the ambulance, but he managed to throw himself on his back under her, and she fell on him and into his arms, one of which she broke just above the wrist. She was on her feet almost before I could aid her and so was Hasson. Although somewhat shaken and dazed, she was entirely unhurt, but as she began to thank Jack he lifted his right arm, evidently to raise his cap, which somehow had stuck to his handsome head, and the hand dangled from the broken wrist. He dropped it quick as a flash and uncovered with the left hand, but she had seen and understood and her voice was passionately regretful as she cried, 'Oh! forgive me! forgive me! I have broken your arm, and my life was not worth that.'

"It was a curious speech, with its touch of almost resentful bitterness, and it had a curious effect on the boy, for the sudden tears sprang to his eyes, and he broke in with quick vehemence with, 'It is a mere nothing, madame, I assure you; a broken bone is nothing in comparison to a woman's life, and I beg you not to distress yourself about it. Are you unhurt?' She assured him that she was and insisted that he should come into the house while a surgeon was sent for. After a faint demur, he consented, much to my surprise, as he was very indifferent to pain, and a broken bone does not cause much discomfort at first. They both were very white and were looking at each other with odd intensity, oblivious of me or the ambulance driver. Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Neither do I, as a rule, but this was one of the exceptions, for I have always believed that, then and there, Jack Hasson and Helen Searles fell hopelessly in love. Poor children! they went into the house, and I went for Jackson, the contract doctor, one of the best men with a broken bone I ever saw (he should have been commissioned, but he couldn't spell and wouldn't go up for examination.)

"As ill luck would have it he had gone to town, and—the post surgeon (you remember him, old Clinic—he liked to be called Major) at that time in the afternoon was usually so much under the influence of 'budge' that no one ever sent for him, unless in the absence of his assistant. There was no help for it, however, so I dragged him away from a game of poker at the club-room, made him soak his head and took him to the hospital for the things he would need. There the steward informed us that Mrs. Searles had been over half or three-quarters of an hour before, had selected splints, bandages and padding as if she knew all about them and carried them off. We hastened on to the house and found our young man, with his arm in a business-like looking sling, quietly smoking a cigarette. Mrs. Searles explained to us that she had met Dr. Jackson in the city, feared Dr. Clinic, also, was out of the post, and, dreading delay, had ventured to set the arm herself.

"She described the nature and position of the breaks to Clinic, the technical terms sounding rather oddly from the pretty mouth, and gave us to understand that she had been carefully trained by her father, a physician of some prominence, in the reduction of simple fractures. Clinic, rather brusquely, proposed to reset it, but Hassan wouldn't let him touch it and showed considerable temper when the doctor insisted. Madame rewarded him with a grateful glance, Clinic with a scowl that included us all. The medical gentleman took his departure with an attempt at dignity that was somewhat marred by the thickness of his utterance and the unsteadiness of his gait.

"Searles came in just as we were making our adieux, listened to the account of the accident, expressed his thanks and regrets to Hassan, and suggested that the pleasure of having an arm set by so lovely a woman was almost compensation for breaking it. He contrived to instill something disagreeable into the suggestion (as he did into nearly everything he said), for his wife flushed painfully, Hassan's straight brows puckered a trifle, and I felt uncomfortable and wanted to hit somebody.

"Hassan was very quiet on the way home and for the next few days his spirits rushed up and down like the mercury in Montana. Then the doctor let him out and he went straight to see her, dragging me with him. The arm, by-the-by, was a splendid job; better than before the smash, according to Jack.

"From the first, he seemed to have an invincible repugnance to calling her Mrs. Searles, invariably addressing her, and speaking of her to me, as 'Madame,' and avoiding mentioning her to any one else when possible. The boy was madly in love with her and she with him, and both knew it; but they made a gallant fight for honor and duty, and, while he was attentive and deferential to her, he never compromised her by look or word, or action. Garrisons, as you know, Carson, are not slow to talk, but I never heard a whisper about them, and I had begun to think that they were going to be satisfied with friendship to the end of the chapter, unless Searles had the grace to die and leave the coast clear. But something happened very soon that undeceived me.

"One night I came home very late and, hearing someone talking in Hassan's room, I walked in with a lighted lamp in my hand. He had been talking in his sleep, and I noted how worn and changed his face was. My foot struck something on the floor and, picking it up, I found it was an open miniature of Helen Searles, attached to a slender chain. Just as I was endeavoring to slip it under his pillow, whence it had evidently fallen, he cried out, 'O Helen! my love, my love, let us go!'

"My first impulse, of course, was to get out, but I hadn't made two steps toward the door when he awoke and called me. He realized in an instant that something was wrong, having, doubtless, a dim consciousness of the words uttered in his sleep, and I explained how I had happened to come in and what I had seen and heard. Poor fellow! his face was white and pained, and his hand stole up under the pillow and staid there.

"I advised him to take leave at once and transfer



"SHE WAS QUITE DEAD WHEN I REACHED HER, AND JACK HAD HER IN HIS ARMS."

into some other regiment, but he said it was impossible: that he had already proposed it, but it was not to be. Of course, I guessed who had vetoed the bill. Then he burst forth and told me of the dreadful unhappiness of her life, of Searles's almost brutal treatment of her, of her splendid courage and patience and determination to endure to the end. He spoke of her with an humble, loving reverence that was inexpressibly touching and that moved me as no violent protestations would have done. Looking squarely at me with his handsome, frank eyes, he said, 'Colonel, I have never so much as kissed her hand, and while she lives under that man's roof his honor is mine, but I will take her from him if I can.' He told me that she did not believe in divorce, but that she had promised him that if Searles ever struck her, as he had threatened, she would leave him; and the boy added, with a fiercely passionate ring in his voice, 'If he ever strikes her I will kill him or he shall kill me!' There was nothing to say—so I said it.

"But as soon as I could I converted my little earnings into cash and put it where I could lay my hands on it at a moment's notice. The very next afternoon Searles managed to pick a quarrel with Hassan in the club-room about some trivial matter, and, although it amounted to nothing, it served to break the acquaintance and to give Searles the opportunity he sought, which was to write Hassan an exceedingly civil note, in which, after protesting his gratitude to the savior of his wife's life, he 'regretted that Hassan's attitude on a political question of such vital moment, coupled with the freedom of personal invective he had permitted himself in addressing his military superior, made it necessary that they should, thereafter, meet as strangers.' Jack was beside himself with rage when he showed me the note, but his hands were tied and he could do nothing.

"About two weeks later, in one of my walks, I came across Searles and a Sergeant of his company, each with a light switch in hand, gravely 'wig-wagging.' I watched them for some time and was somewhat astonished at the accuracy and quickness with which Searles both 'sent' and 'received,' but went on and thought no more about it, which was a pity as subsequent events proved.

"Jack continued to see her about the post, at the hops and in town, and, occasionally, fortune favored them to the extent of an hour or two alone; but I don't believe they ever met by preconcert until the last few days, when I think he knew where to seek her.

"Booth was playing a week's engagement in town and the night he was billed for Hamlet the opera-house was packed from the floor to 'the gods.' Searles was Officer-of-the-Day and had been loudly anathematizing his bad luck that morning during office-hours, but the balance of the garrison was there and all the world and his wife and daughter. General and Mrs. Scratchem had the upper proscenium box, to the right as one faced the stage, and with them were the Adjutant and his wife and Mrs. Searles. Hassan had been fortunate enough to get an orchestra chair in the seventh or eighth row from the stage and on the middle aisle, while I was directly behind him, but across the aisle and in the front of the parquet.

"Between the first and second act I was peering about, as one does, and, presently, Mrs. Searles came in the field of my glass. While looking at her and thinking what a lovely woman she was, I suddenly became conscious that she was sending a message to someone by the waves of her face. Hardly realizing that I was eaves-dropping, and, wholly fascinated by the grace and ease with which she managed her fan and the ingenious novelty of the thing, I saw her spell out, 'e-r-d-a-y—I-t-o-l-d-h-i-m-t-h-a-t-I-l-o-v-e-y-o-u-a-n-d-h-e-s-t-r-u-c-k-m-e-m-e-e-t-m-e-H-o-f-f-m-a-n-H-o-u-s-e-N-Y-F-r-i-d-a-y-n-o-o-n-a-n-d-t-a-k-e-m-e.'

"Then the fan was furled and I turned my glass on Hassan. Of course the back of his head was toward me, but I could see his hand appearing on either side of his head and knew he was answering her by stroking his mustache. Swiftly, but unnoticeably to anyone, except to her and me—and to one other watcher, whom none of us saw then—he signalled to her, 'I will come, my love.'

"He ceased, and I looked at her again, but the curtain was rising and she turned her face to the stage. Then a horrible thing happened. A programme

fluttered down from the extreme left of the dress-circle, which was in the first gallery. It caught my eye and I looked up. There sat Searles with his eyes intent on his wife. Just an instant he looked at her steadily, then his glance dropped to someone in the orchestra chairs. He half smiled, his hand went up to his mustache, and very slowly, very deliberately, never missing dot or dash, he signalled to Hassan his devilish message,—“Yes, I struck her in the face for saying that she loved you, and, to-morrow morning at sunrise, I shall kill you in the field beyond the chain—b-r-i-d—”

“Before he could complete his sentence, an awful cry rang through the house, and, turning quickly, I saw Mrs. Searles rise, clutch at the breast of her gown, stretch her arms out toward Jack, reel forward and fall over the rail, thirty feet to the floor beneath. God! it makes me sick yet!”

“She was quite dead when I reached her and Jack had her in his arms forcing his way to the entrance. Even in that dreadful moment, he realized that her fair fame was in his keeping; not a word escaped him and he never once looked at the still, white face lying against his breast. To the inquiries of the horror-stricken people as we passed along, I replied briefly, ‘heart disease.’ We got out at last, and I called a carriage. Just as we had placed her in it Searles appeared, and my noble, chivalrous boy bowed gravely and stood aside, but his face was terrible in its agony and rage. Then I said, ‘Captain Searles, you cannot stand anything more. I will take Mrs. Searles back to the post, and you go with Dr. Jackson in my cab,’ and I added in a lower tone, ‘go, or I will put you in arrest for leaving the post without authority while Officer-of-the-Day.’ Ordinarily, he would have cursed me and attempted to get into the carriage, but even his iron nerves were shaken and with one black look, he turned toward the cab without a word.

“I motioned Jack to get in, which he did and whispered me to come too. Never shall I forget that drive. He took the poor, dead woman in his arms and held her silently for a while. All at once, his composure, or the outward semblance of it, gave way and he broke down completely. No braver man than Jack Hassan ever lived, but his grief was the heart-broken grief of a child, and his sobs the most pitiful things I ever heard. He called her by every tender name in the category of love. He lavished caresses upon her, called upon God with prayers and curses, implored her to come back to him, and, once, crowning horror! fancied she breathed and listened for her heart-beats. That he was perfectly insane during that frightful hour I have no doubt, and if the drive had lasted much longer I believe I should have been as mad as he. I touched him when the carriage stopped and opened the door. He looked at me uncomprehendingly for a moment and, then, by an almost superhuman effort, pulled himself together, and his wild, dazed face grew set and stern. He carried her in, laid her on her bed, kissed her once and said very low, ‘I will come to you to-morrow, love: wait for me.’

“On the way home, the poor fellow spoke most affectionately and gratefully to me, though God knows I had done nothing for him; called me ‘Father’ and ‘dear old man’—My poor Jack, my loving, warm-hearted boy. He changed his clothes, and we sat up the rest of the night. He never spoke again until half an hour before sunrise; then he rose, slipped on a light overcoat, and, thinking me asleep, for I was lying back in my chair with my eyes closed to hold the tears back, he leaned over me and said very softly, ‘good bye and God bless you, dear old man.’ I reached a hand out to him and, then, somehow, we got our arms about each other, and—well, I told him that if he felt he must go I was going with him. He refused decidedly, but I insisted, and he, finally, consented. Both he and Searles were excellent pistol shots, and each owned, and practiced habitually with a thirty-two caliber weapon. During the walk to the bridge he asked me to bury him near to her, if possible, and her miniature with him. I tried to rally

him, but it was no use: he was going to his death and he knew it.

“Searles was there, and I made a final effort, but both were determined, so I placed them and gave the word. Hassan fired instantly and his ball struck Searles fairly on the right breast and would, in all probability, have killed him (as I wish it had), but for a trick he had of wearing his watch in his upper, right vest pocket. He smiled grimly, and remarking in his cold even fashion, ‘That was a good shot and spoiled my watch, but it pays to aim higher,’ raised his revolver and shot Hassan squarely through the head. He fell on his face, and, as I turned him over, he drew one long, shuddering breath, and all was over. I took the miniature, kissed the pathetic, dead face, and we left him lying there on the frosty grass.

“I said to Searles that I should like to exchange shots with him, but, after a second’s hesitation, he replied that he had no quarrel with me and must decline the proffered honor. Perhaps it is just as well, but I was sick to kill him for his nine hour’s work.

“Jack’s body was found and brought in the same afternoon, and the coroner’s jury brought in a verdict ‘of wilful murder by some person, or persons, unknown.’ He had been very bitter against the ‘White Leaguers’ and it was generally believed to have been their work.

“The funerals were on the same day, and they were buried side-by-side in the military cemetery. I hope death bridged the gulf for them.—That damned cigar smoke has gotten into my eyes. What time have you?”

“Thanks. Do you want to wash your hands before luncheon?”

“All ready? After you.”

QUATRAINS.

I

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

The shuttles of your life and mine
Weave in the tapestry of fate
A story wrought of love and hate,
Human the woof, the warp divine.

II

EXTERNALS.

A pleasing face but served to mask
The mind and nature of a swine—
The lying label on a flask
Of worthless wine.

III

AN EPITAPH.

Greed was his god;
But when they laid him underneath the sod,
Upon his tomb
The carved virtues crowded were for room.

IV

IMMORTALITY.

Love, broken-hearted, kissed Death’s frozen lips,
And listened for some sign with bated breath.
Hope heard these words, “This is but life’s eclipse;
The soul lives in the pregnant womb of Death.”

V

CREED.

By rope of sand
Man strives to scale the infinite, to find
And understand
The phantom fear has mirrored on his mind.

VI

MOTHEE.

With bitter pang she gave thee life—
She and no other.
Thou canst not replace friend, husband, wife,
But not thy mother.

VII

BIRTH AND DEATH.

“Whence, child; from out the sky?”—
Didst understand, Oh, fool, all that was said?
Perchance this pale, cold clay will make reply—
“Whither, Oh, voiceless dead?”

W. E. P. FRENCH.

Fort Snelling, Minn.

THE LAND OF BIG GAME.

Spokane Falls (Wash.) Review.

J. P. M. Richards and party arrived in the city Sunday from an extended and one of the most successful hunting trips on record. They brought in the heads and skins of eight mountain goats, an animal believed for many years not to exist but in the imagination of some hunter; sixteen of the famous big horn Rocky Mountain sheep, eighteen deer, a thousand pound silver tipped grizzly bear, and a number of ptarmigan blue grouse, pheasant and other birds. Mr. Richards attributes the great success of his party to the fact that hunting parties from Victoria and Canada had been out in the mountains to the north of them, and had probably driven the game down where they were.

Mr. Richards and a friend of his, Major William S. Righter of New York, had planned the trip a year ago, and about the middle of September Major Righter having arrived in Spokane Falls, and all being in readiness, the two gentlemen left here and rode to Colville, where they made up their party, consisting of S. F. Sherwood, an old government scout, as guide, Sam, a darkey cook, and two Indian packers.

After a day or two spent in getting their outfit, horses, supplies, etc., together they left Colville and proceeded to Marcus, where they crossed the Columbia River. Everything had to be packed, and as the party was well equipped, seven pack animals were taken along and six saddle horses.

Leaving Marcus they went up Kettle River through the Colville Indian reservation until they came to the ranch of Tonasket, chief of the Okanogan Indians. The old Indian was very hospitable and entertained them for a day or two. Tonasket has a fine ranch on Kettle River and is a great horse fancier, owning a large band himself. He has laid out a race track on his place, and in the summer and fall he holds regular race meetings.

At this point the party struck off to the northwest, across the Okanogan country to Osoyoos Lake, where they crossed the Okanogan and went into the Methow range of mountains, bearing in a northwesterly direction all the time. They reached “Okanogan” Smith’s store at the crossing of the river on October 2d, and were given some delicious peaches taken from Mr. Smith’s orchard the day before; apples were plentiful, a circumstance that speaks well for the fertility of the soil and the mildness of the climate.

The party pushed on into the mountains, getting farther and farther away from civilization, until they were fully 300 miles northwest of Colville, in a range of the Cascade Mountains a little south of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and north of the Methow country. On the way they met Chester W. Chapin of New York, whose father is President of the Boston & Albany Railway. He was out in the wilderness looking for Cariboo, and was traveling alone with an Indian guide.

The meeting with a wanderer like themselves, whether white man or Indian, was always a pleasant incident. One such meeting impressed Mr. Richards very forcibly. The day was cloudy with occasional rain; and the party was somewhat depressed, Indians, horses and all; when a young Indian rode up, fell in line, and without saying a word, even to the packers, jogged along. He was a picturesque looking fellow, young and of fine physique. He rode a magnificent black horse and was dressed in a complete suit of white buckskin, the trousers fringed and tucked into top boots, ornamented with tassels. When supper time came he was asked to join, and without a word fell to the zest of a twelve-hour appetite. He was allowed to sleep in one of the tents and given a good breakfast in the morning, all of which favors he accepted with even more than the proverbial Indian taciturnity, for he never once uttered a word. Mr. Richards, however, thinks he detected a look of gratefulness in the young buck’s eyes as he rode away.

FARTHER AND FARTHER.

They kept pushing deeper into the mountains,

their only object being game signs until one of the party came to the conclusion they had gone far enough. Mr. Richards and the guide, however, pushed farther on, until an Indian hunting party was met coming out of the mountains. A little farther on and two hunters were met, also coming out of the mountains. They said they left because the bears were too thick for comfort back there. Signs of mountain sheep and deer being very thick they decided to go into camp.

The place selected for the permanent camp, where they remained three weeks, was right in the midst of timber on the side of a mountain. A spring furnished the party with water, and a small park on the slope of the mountain above, covered with rich bunch grass, made an excellent pasture for the horses. The country hunted over was very broken. The mountains were in ridges, cut in places by deep canyons, the eastern slopes being gradual and covered with a heavy growth of spruce, fir and balsam, with a little tamarack here and there. On the other slope of the ridges the descent was abrupt and rocky, in many places precipitous. The country abounded in good water. Snow was lying on the tops of all the ridges, and to the north and west from the camp several snow peaks could be seen jutting out and up from the ranges.

THE FIRST SHEEP.

In speaking of the sheep he saw, Mr. Richards said: "It was on the day we had decided to go into a permanent camp. The guide and I had made our way to the top of one of the ridges, away up in the mountain above timber line, where the sheep, shy, solitary fellows that they are, delight to get, keeping right on the top of the ridge, ready at a moment's warning to go either way, much preferring to take to the rocks and steep precipitous sides. Off in the rocks across a little draw, we saw a fine ram; we were to the leeward of him and he had discovered us almost as soon as we had him, so there was nothing to do but for the guide, who was ahead, to take a shot. His aim was true, and after running a hundred yards, the sheep fell dead; he had been shot through the heart. The shot startled his companion, a ewe, and as she came from behind a rock, I shot and broke her neck. It was a clean piece of work, two sheep with two balls.

"Mountain sheep are much more gamey than mountain goats," he continued. "The former is clean limbed, muscular and very active; his movements are as quick as a flash of light, and he is always on the alert. As an illustration of the wonderful acuteness of hearing of a Rocky Mountain sheep, I will relate the following incident: One day we suddenly came upon a ram not more than a hundred yards away lying under a tree asleep. We stood still for a moment looking at him, when one of the party without moving an inch quietly laid his field glass on a rock. The faint click made by the operation was sufficient, and, without waiting to look around, the ram was up and out of range before any of us could get a shot.

THE GOAT.

"A mountain goat, on the other hand, is of a sluggish, stubborn disposition; the greatest difficulty encountered in hunting him consists in finding him. Of a solitary nature, the goat inhabits the wildest, the steepest and most inaccessible canyons. He delights in traveling along a narrow ledge of rock jutting out over an abyss thousands of feet deep. My first goat exhibited all of the above characteristics. We had been following signs for several days, and had tramped up and down a number of canyons, when at last, towards evening, Sherwood and I were making our way back to camp, when on the opposite side of the canyon, fully 350 yards away, we saw a goat browsing on the lichens which grew in the crevices of the rock. He was on a narrow ledge, about half way up the side of the canyon, and so steep was it that he looked to us to be fairly stuck to the rocks. Bracing ourselves in the shale, which was as steep as the roof of a barn where we were, I took a shot. The goat gave himself a little shake and walked along. Thinking I had missed him, I

shot again and put four balls into him without his making one unusual movement. He lay down after the last shot, and in a moment began to slide down the rocks. Then he began to roll, and as he gained velocity he turned end over end, until, coming to the edge of the precipice, he shot out into the air. For another moment all was silent, then a dull thud and the noise of a shower of rocks falling on the rocks below told us the goat was killed and lost, for we could not even see to the bottom of the canyon.

"The next day we worked our way to the bottom and found him, with four shots in his carcass and both horns broken. He was a big fellow and measured seven feet three inches from the tip of his nose to his four inch tail. I found mountain goat shooting very tame as compared with the big horn.

Following it up, we came to a place where they had all slid down the mountain on their haunches leaving a broad track in the snow. A little farther on and we caught sight of the old one in the open timber, and I took a shot at her. She turned, evidently having been shot, and with a snort seemed about to show fight, but she thought better of it and went on growling, and was soon lost to sight in some thick brush. Not caring to go into the thicket after her, we went back to camp, and returning the next morning found her dead. Both cubs had deserted her.

USEFUL HINTS.

"The following few facts may be useful to any one contemplating such a trip. Hire your horses and take the Indian owner along with you as a packer and your horses will never have sore backs, and will



A ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

"The Indians were very much exercised over the first goat brought into camp. They have a superstition to the effect that if when a goat is killed the hunter does not eat and burn every vestige of the flesh, bones, hide and all, he will be caught in a snow storm, and will never escape from the mountains. It was a rather curious coincidence too, that the weather got bad and we did not have snow after killing the first two goats.

THE GRIZZLY.

"It was the day after having killed a goat that we got our grizzly bear. On leaving camp we found her trail, for it proved to be an enormous she bear, a silver-tipped grizzly, weighing 1,000 pounds, with two cubs weighing at least 400 pounds each.

rarely be lost. Winchester 45-70 were our weapons, and they proved very satisfactory. My sleeping arrangement consists of a heavy canvas bag sewed up on both sides, with broad seams, a sheep skin bag with the wool on the inside goes within this, and a light sack of cotton flannel goes in last. The canvas bag is furnished with a flap that can be buttoned down, and gives perfect protection, and I was veritably as warm as a bug in a rug," concluded Mr. Richards.

THE largest amount of wild honey ever taken from one tree was reported from Curry County, Oregon, recently. A farmer took 700 pounds from one cottonwood tree in which a huge swarm of bees had stored up the annual accumulations for many years.



HOME IN MISSOURI.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
Snug as birds into a nes',
Fishin', hoein', choppin' wood,
Like a man mos' allus should;
Ploughin', weedin', huntin' coon,
Dinner bell can't ring too soon;
Gimme my share 'ith the res',
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' the home life suits me bes',
An' one asks me why, I sez:—
Home is home, and blood, I say,
Is thicker 'n water any day;
When yer sick yer folks is 'round,
Like as when yer safe and sound;
Gimme home and nothing less,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
Bes' on earth for grub, I guess,
Liver 'n bacon, pork and greens,
Fry pertaters, corn an' beans;
Things is plain and things is good,
No place can beat home for food;
Feel no call to change address,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
Allus has an' will, sah, yes,
One harsh word to millium sweet,
This yere home life can't be beat;
Little comforts mount up still,
Like as how an hour-glass will;
Laughin' kids in dirty dress,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

H. COCHRANE.

Decollette.

The Albany Democrat notices that in the East society is greatly agitated over decollette dressing. This refers to the party dress cut low in different shapes at the neck. The agitation is over how low the dress shall be, and there's the rub, sort of a high and low license question you see, conservative people being for high license, and young, plump women for low license. There are three styles for cutting, and here they are, V — U. Take your choice.

Develop the Chest.

The only part of the body of the modern civilized man which needs special attention is his chest. See that this is properly developed and all the other parts will take care of themselves. A good chest means good oxygenization of the blood and a good strong, steady-beating heart. Success in life depends more on these than on the brain, and, indeed, a good brain can scarcely exist without them. It is the broad-chested and the steady-hearted rather than the big-brained men, who have impressed and are to-day impressing their personalities in our history. Our system of education is defective in that it seeks to develop the head and neglects the rest of the body.

The Hottest Spot on Earth.

The hottest region on earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100 degrees night or day, and to often run up to 128 degrees in the afternoon. At Behrin, in the center of the torrid part of this torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the region as unbearable as possible, no water can be obtained from digging wells 100, 200 or even 500 feet deep, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs, which break forth from the bottom of the gulf, more than a mile from shore. The water from these springs is obtained by divers who plunge to the

bottom and fill goatskin bags with the cooling liquid and sell it for a living. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some 700 or 800 miles away.

Burn Your Old Letters.

So much mischief has been done by the foolish habit of keeping old letters, that it is wise to adopt the rule of destroying them at once. Their mission is ended, what are they good for? "I may like to read them while recovering from an illness," says some one. Pahaw! As if these would be the tonic you needed at such a time. Better far a breath of pure air. We are all prone to brood too much as such times, and need no such help in that direction. Let this plea for the burning of letters be a strong one. Business letters should be filed and labeled. Have a blank book into which to copy such dates or extracts as may be of value in the future for references. This can be done when letters are answered. Then burn them and see the ashes. It is the sorrows instead of the joys that most letters contain. They are the safety-valve for deep feeling from friend to friend, good in their time, but sometimes worse than useless in the future. Every day brings new experiences. We are constantly changing, and in many cases would be ashamed of our own letters written ten years ago.

Victor Hugo's Faith.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: "I have finished my day's work," but I can not say "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn.

I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

To Take a Cinder From the Eye.

Nine persons out of every ten with a cinder or any foreign substance in the eye will instantly begin to rub the eye with one hand, while hunting for their handkerchief with the other. They may, and sometimes do, remove the offending cinder; but more frequently they rub until the eye becomes inflamed, bind a handkerchief around the head and go to bed. This is all wrong. The better way is not to rub the eye with the cinder in it at all, but rub the other eye as vigorously as you like. A few years since I was riding on an engine. The engineer threw open the front window, and I caught a cinder that gave me most excruciating pain. I began to rub the eye with both hands. "Let your eye alone, and rub the other eye" (this from the engineer). "I know you doctors think you know it all, but if you will let that eye alone, and rub the other one, the cinder will be out in two minutes," persisted the engineer. I began to rub the other eye, and soon I felt the cinder down

the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. "Let it alone, and keep at the well eye," shouted the doctor pro tem. I did so for a minute longer, and looking in a small glass he gave me, I found the offender on my cheek. Since then I have tried it many times, and have advised many others, and I have never known it to fail in one instance (unless it was sharp as a piece of steel, or something that cut into the ball, and required an operation to remove it.) Why it is so I do not know; but that it is so I do know, and that one may be saved much suffering if they will let the injured eye alone, and rub the well eye.

How To Be a Model Hostess.

A hostess has so very charming a position, if she is amiable, one wonders she should ever peril it by being unamiable. She is in her hour of hostess-ship perhaps at the acme of a woman's ambition. It is her place to see that a number of people are well fed and happy. She is the person of all others to whom every gentle, sweet emotion, every grateful feeling turns. A hostess at a pretty country house is very much to be envied, and she can, without much effort, make everybody happy.

A hostess in the city can become an enormous social power if she has tact and a certain intelligence. She becomes the envied of women and the admired of men. That she should ever use this power to make herself disagreeable is most amazing. If we had not seen it done we could hardly believe it possible.

A hostess should never reprove her servants in the presence of her guests. All that worries her must be carefully concealed from them. It is her place to oil the wheels of the domestic machinery so that nothing shall jar. It is quite impossible in America that such a set of trained servants could be obtained who should make the domestic wheels move without jarring. But the hostess must not appear to notice it. If she is disturbed or flustered or miserable, who can enjoy anything?

The necessity for calmness on the part of the hostess is well satirized in the old-fashioned novel called "Cecil," where the hero writes to his sister: "Learn to be perfectly unmoved at your own table, even if your cook sends up stewed puppy." And an old poet eulogizes the calm hostess who is—

"Mistress of herself, though China fall."

There is no such utter mistake as to lose one's temper, one's nerve, one's composure, in company. Society may be a false condition of things, but whatever its faults, it demands of a woman the very high virtues of self command, gentleness, coolness and serenity. Good manners are said to be the shadows of virtues.

But they are virtues. To be polite is a virtue of the very highest order.

Chairs as Art Objects.

Although divans are so popular for corner or side wall there has never been a time when pretty chairs of all kinds could so easily be obtained. Of the inexpensive sort there is certainly all the variety one could ask for. The comfortable rocking chairs, with old oak finish and cane seats, seem within the reach of even a slender purse, while a little feminine handiwork will beautify them to a great degree. A cushion for the head, another for the seat, or to fit in the hollow of the back, and a really ornamental piece of furniture is the result. A chair of this kind for use in a room where pink predominates has the double pillows tied together as the head cushion. These are so easily adjusted that they give equal comfort to a tall or short person. In this instance they are covered with sateen of a cream white ground with small pink flowers scattered over it and tied together with three bows of wide satin ribbon in two shades of old pink. By turning such pillows and changing the ribbons about one really gets the use of four pillows, thus having freshness as to covering for an almost incredible time. A very small pillow covered with the same sateen is tied to the chair just above the arms, which prevents its slipping on each side. With a hassock for the feet and a good book in the hands

this simple outfit is capable of giving hours of pleasure to the occupant. The stiff, straight chairs, suggesting the old-fashioned "kitchen" chairs, are made into reception chairs that are really charming. One seen for sale recently of this kind was painted white and touched up with gold. The seat was stuffed rather full, giving a rounding effect to the covering, which was cream-white silk sateen, embroidered in a beautiful and elaborate pattern, in several shades of blue silk with a little gold thread as a relief. The back was covered with the embroidery also, the covering being tightly stretched over the frame work. Any home worker could accomplish a similar one, even painting the chair itself if desired, for they can be bought for a trifle unpainted, and paint of an enamel finish comes in small cans ready to apply. Small rocking chairs of the same kind are for sale. These would be pretty painted in delicate colors to correspond with the tones of a bed room, and are very easily trimmed up. They can be bought also painted and untrimmed at small prices, and would make very pretty and useful Christmas gifts. One might be painted in old pink of a light shade, with cushions, for instance, of furniture corduroy, which comes in a delightful tone of old pink. This would be very serviceable as well as attractive to look at, and the back cushion might be ornamented with a little embroidery in gold thread. Large bows are always pretty, though no novelty, for fastening cushions to chairs, or an invisible finish may make it secure, though plain in effect. The coverings of white ground work are lovely when fresh, but troublesome to take off and wash when soiled, though the linen flosses should be fast colors and so launder perfectly well.

How Appetite Changes.

Our climate and our food supply are so different from that of Europe that we must learn to eat and drink new articles, and clothe ourselves in a new way, before we can make the best use of our resources with the least pain and suffering on our part. The extreme cold of our winters and the great heat of our summers will necessitate a much greater change in the food and clothing from summer to winter than is needed in the more even climate of Europe. Pork and corn will not be too warm as foods for winter, nor rice and fruits be too cool for summer. Drinking habits which are harmless, or at least not very injurious, in the damp or cool climate of Europe, become destructive of the health and honor in the dry parching heat of an American summer. The German who sleeps at home all the year through between

feather ticks soon changes his habit of sleeping when he arrives in America. He thinks, however, that he can still drink a quart of beer with as little harm as in his old home. It will take a much longer time to break up his drinking than his sleeping habits; yet the same causes are working in both cases, and will force him, or at least his descendants, to become American in the one respect as in the other. The rapid increase in the use of sugar is now worthy of especial attention, because of its connection with the temperance movement. In past times the diet of the ordinary laborer was made palatable only through the free use of liquor. It was the pleasure-giving portion of the meal, the other coarse and usually ill-prepared articles being washed down by its use. As no other highly pleasurable diet was within the laborer's means, the use of liquor could not be greatly reduced without making his diet unendurable. Now,

however, all this is changed. The low price of sugar places a satisfying diet within the means of every one, and it is now much easier than formerly to persuade people to forego the use of liquor, when an equally pleasurable diet can be obtained from other sources. The temperance people as a class live on a sugar diet, sugar being that part of their diet from which they derive the greater part of their pleasure. As consumers, they form a distinct class, and have an order of consumption radically different from their liquor-loving neighbors. With every reduction in the price of sugar, they gain an increasing advantage in the struggle for life over the drinking class, and the day does not seem far distant when the cheapness of their diet will give them an industrial supremacy in the greater part of the field of employment. I do not, however, wish to assert that all the effects of the increased use of sugar are advantageous to the consumer. A greater consumption of sugar is as good in the sense that it will prove beneficial to the race, even though it may injure many individuals. Improved consumption has its evils no less than improved production. The strong appetite for sweets which many persons have doubtless injures their health. The tendency of cheap sugar will be to weaken and then destroy these persons, thus leaving the world to those who have less desire for sugar. Sugar may in time prove so injurious that the moral reaction against it will be as strong as it now is against liquor and tobacco; yet this fact would prove still more clearly the great change in the appetites of men which the free use of sugar for a long time had made. The long-continued use of liquor has changed the appetites of its users; should men entirely cease to drink liquor, the modification in the appetite which it has caused will be permanent, and as a whole they will be better off for what the race has gone through, even though it has destroyed so many individuals. When the reduction in the price of sugar has had its full effect upon the race, another great change of appetite will be caused. All men will be better consumers, because their weaker appetites will compel them to resort to a greater variety of food to supply the demands of their systems. Many articles which we now eat only when they are sweetened, will not go out of use when the craving for sugar is reduced. We shall gradually learn to enjoy them for their own taste, and thus make them more and more an important part of the standard of life.



THE WOMAN OF IT.

He—"Helen! You must not stop for anything. We've only a chance for our lives!"
Voice from boudoir—"But, Jack, dear, you can't expect me to go down the fire escape in this night robe when I have a whole drawer of lovely new ones."



THE MAN OF IT.

He (after a volley of strong language)—"You cursed beast, why in thunder don't you go!"
She—"Why, Harry. The poor cob's going as fast as he can go."
He—"Well, then, why in thunder and blazes is the fool beast going his best when I want the fun of urging him to go better, I'd like to know."



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LEASE.

The close traffic arrangement between the Northern Pacific and Wisconsin Central roads, formed only a few months ago, has already ripened into a lease of the latter road by the former company. A lease has been urged for some time past by the interests controlling the Central, but the Northern Pacific managers were not willing to run any risks of making a contract which might prove a burden to the finances of their company instead of a benefit. They, therefore, went no further at first than a cautious traffic agreement. Now the earnings of the Central, under that agreement, have improved so handsomely that a lease is regarded as entirely safe for the interests of the N. P. stockholders. The Central has improved remarkably of late as an earning property. It has a good belt of agricultural country, reaches many of the largest towns and cities in Wisconsin, drains extensive pine and hardwood lumber districts, taps the Gogebic iron range, owns good wharves and terminals on Lake Superior at Ashland, connects at St. Paul with all the roads centering here, and in Chicago has secured terminal facilities that are unsurpassed for accessibility and central location, and which embrace the best depot edifice in the city. The Wisconsin Central's mileage between St. Paul and Chicago is longer than that of three of its competing roads, but its line can be shortened so as to bring it down to the same distance as the C. M. & St. Paul, by the building of two short cut-offs, which will run through a good country and will be worth building for local business alone. These cut-off lines will no doubt be constructed without delay.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, by virtue of the lease of the Wisconsin Central, now has its eastern terminus at Chicago. Its trunk line from the West bifurcates at Staples, in Northern Minnesota, one road going by way of Duluth, Superior and Ashland, and the other by way of St. Paul and Minneapolis. These lines come together at Abbottsford, Wisconsin. The through passenger run will be by way of the Twin Cities, as heretofore, and through freight will be divided between the two routes as may be most advantageous for operating purposes. We may expect that some part of the general office force of the company will be established in Chicago, now the greatest railroad center of the world.

A Chicago terminus for the Northern Pacific has long been one of Henry Villard's plans. He no

doubt had it in view as long ago as 1882, when he secured a considerable stock interest in the Wisconsin Central road. No road in the country is gaining so rapidly in mileage, in bulk of traffic and in financial strength as the Northern Pacific.

NEW TOWNS IN WESTERN WASHINGTON.

In Western Washington and especially along the shores of Puget Sound, the efforts to found new towns are so numerous and pushed with such profuse and ingenious advertising that they recall the boom times in Dakota, in the years 1881, 1882 and 1883. The business of town-making is a fascinating one as long as the public is in a mood to buy lots. Land is bought for a few dollars an acre and cut up into twenty-five foot front lots, which are sold at from fifty to five hundred dollars a piece, according to the prospects, real or imaginary, which the projected town can show for solid growth. Plats and pamphlets are printed, the newspapers in old established towns where immigrants and speculators congregate are well paid for printing seductive advertisements and the first money received from the sale of lots is spent in grading the streets, building a wharf, if the place is on navigable water, and perhaps in erecting a few store buildings and dwellings and starting a local newspaper. If people continue to buy lots the scheme makes a fortune for its promoters.

Only a small percentage of the purchasers of lots in such prospective towns expect to improve them. The investment is regarded by most of them as purely speculative. They know that they are taking large risks. If the town is a go they will probably double or quadruple their money, and possibly they will take out ten dollars for one, in a year or two. Should the enterprise fail and the town collapse, no great harm is done. The speculators will probably have succeeded somewhere else. When they come to average up their investments in the new country they are pretty sure to be ahead, and the money they have sunk in the abortive schemes has gone to pay printers and laborers and has helped to make business lively.

Some of the new towns in Western Washington have a substantial foundation; others are exceedingly visionary. The enterprises of this character which are legitimate may be briefly mentioned here. On the Lower Sound, the three contiguous towns of Whatcom, Sehome and Fairhaven are fast growing into one city. There is coal and iron ore in the country back of them, a great deal of rich alluvial land and great forests of good timber. Railways are being built and a seaport city of great importance is sure to be the result. Further up the Sound, on Fidalgo Island is Anacortes, on Ship Harbor—a place of large expectations and meager realizations for many years, which is now coming into notice by the building of a railroad to the Skagit coal fields. The Oregon Improvement Company, of which Elijah Smith is president, is building the railroad and the coal bunkers and wharves, and is a corporation strong enough to spend a great deal of money in carrying out its projects. In the rich hop-growing valley which extends all the way from Tacoma to Seattle, a few miles back from the Sound, the new towns of Kent and Slaughter are making a creditable growth. Sumner, in the same valley, has doubled its population within a year and Puyallup, always the center of the hop trade, is becoming a residence suburb of Tacoma. Buckley, in the White River Country, and on the Northern Pacific main line, is a busy center of the cedar shingle industry and is also profiting by the clearing of land and the making of new hop plantations.

West of Olympia, and at the head of one of the long arms of Puget Sound, is Kamilche, which has lately become of some importance by the building of the Puget Sound & Gray's Harbor Railroad, thence to Montesano, at the head of navigation on the Chehalis River, which flows into the head of the harbor. The route to the Gray's Harbor towns is now by Sound steamer from Tacoma to Kamilche, by rail to Montesano and by river steamer to Aberdeen, Cosmopolis,

Hoquiam and Gray's Harbor City. Further West, and at the head of another arm of the Sound, is Shelton, which now has nearly a thousand people and is the tide water terminus of the Satsop Railroad, running back into the timber and to be extended to Gray's Harbor. Union City, at the head of Hood's Canal, the extreme Western arm of the Sound, is an old village with a new growth and good prospects. On the railroad between Tacoma and the Columbia River the towns of Bucoda, Centralia and Chehalis have made remarkable progress during the past year and even Kalama, which once seemed so dead that it was nicknamed "Calamity," is displaying considerable activity. The towns in the Gray's Harbor Country, Montesano, Aberdeen, Cosmopolis, Hoquiam and the newly established seaport of Gray's Harbor City are full of new people and new improvements. Finally there is South Bend, at the head of Willapa Bay, the new name for Shoalwater Bay, which is soon to have a railroad from Chehalis. The bay, which lies between Gray's Harbor and the mouth of the Columbia River, has been renamed because its old title was misleading. There is no doubt a good deal of shoalwater on its broad expanse, but its entrance has a depth of twenty-seven feet at low tide and the channel is deep enough for big ships all the way up to South Bend.

THE REBUILDING OF SEATTLE.

On the sixth day of June last, the entire business district of Seattle, a city then containing about 25,000 inhabitants, was consumed by fire. All the stores and offices, all the banks and hotels, all the wharves, the railway tracks and buildings, many of the manufacturing establishments and the great coal shipping docks were reduced to ashes in a few hours time. In fact the entire business plant of the city was destroyed. The people of Seattle, always noted for their energy, public spirit and disposition to work in harmony, were not demoralized for even a single day by this overwhelming disaster. Long before the ruins had ceased smoking they began the work of reconstruction, and in many instances the glowing masses of rubbish were cooled by throwing streams of water upon them so as to hasten by a few days the beginning of work for their removal to make way for the foundation of new buildings.

On the 15th of January the editor of THE NORTHWEST visited Seattle and found that a new city had already arisen from the ashes of the great fire. More than two score of handsome business blocks, none less than three stories in height and many were four and five stories, were already completed and more than four score were almost ready for the roofs. The merchants were selling goods in the lower stories while the bricklayers and carpenters were still at work on the upper parts of the buildings. A great hotel had been put up on a hill overlooking the entire city and commanding a magnificent view over the Sound and the Cascade and Olympic Mountains. This big wooden edifice had been erected in sixty days. In the business district all the buildings were of brick, stone and iron, no wooden structures being tolerated. Many people were still doing business in tents, but it was plain that a few weeks more of progress would cause the picturesque town of canvases to disappear and give all its inhabitants shelter within brick walls. The wharves have been rebuilt with better facilities for commerce than before, coal was being shipped from a big new trestle reaching far out into the bay, and the railways had already reestablished their terminal facilities, including stations, round houses and machine shops.

In a year more the Seattle people will look back upon their great fire as a blessing. Instead of business streets lined with the incongruous mingling of modern blocks and old shanties, common to all young cities, they will have, by the close of the present year, two broad thoroughfares where every building will be new, handsome and reasonably exempt from danger from fire. These numerous tall business blocks, with their big light storerooms and hundreds of offices, will make their city far more attractive as a trade center than it was before, and will almost

double its facilities for doing business on the same area of ground. They will centralize and solidify the city for all time to come and they will attract new people by the facilities they will offer for securing advantageous locations for opening new business enterprises.

According to the local newspapers there were erected in Seattle and its suburbs, during the year 1889, over 1,600 buildings, of which 256 were built within the fire limits and were constructed of brick and stone. This is a marvelous record. The expenditures of the new buildings is placed at the enormous total of \$13,547,979. The real estate transfers for the year aggregated \$15,055,794. The business of the banks for 1889 was nearly double that of 1888. The manufacturing concerns turned out a total production of \$10,407,488. The city made a gain in population of one-third and now claims to have at least 35,000 inhabitants. Work on the system of rapid transit was hardly suspended by the fire. St. Paul had to wait until she had a population of over 150,000 before it had anything better than horse cars for local transit, but Seattle has already two cable lines and an electric line and is now building a third cable to run straight up the steep slopes from the bayside to the crest of the hills. In brief, the nine months following the fire have been Seattle's greatest epoch of progress and prosperity. There has been plenty of work and good pay for an army of mechanics and common laborers, trade has flourished, money has poured in for new enterprises and many thousands of people have come from the East to aid in the work of rebuilding the city, bringing with them intelligence, capital and energy that are of inestimable value to the community.

The beginning of 1890 is signalized for Seattle by an event of great importance to the further development of its trade. On the 14th of January a deed to the Puget Sound Shore Railroad was delivered to General Counsel McNaught, of the Northern Pacific Company. The little railroad from Seattle to Stuck Junction, twenty four miles long, popularly known as the "Orphan Road," kept the Northern Pacific out of Seattle for many years and kept Seattle from having freight rates on grain from the interior as low as those of the rival city of Tacoma. The Northern Pacific rate was the same to Stuck Junction as to Tacoma, the distances from the interior point being the same, but the "Orphan Road" had to earn something and charged fifty cents per ton on grain for its haul. This condition of affairs was a practicable prohibition on the handling of wheat for export in Seattle. The Northern Pacific has at last taken the "Orphan" under its protection, paying for it the sum of \$1,000,000 in its new consolidated bonds and Seattle can now enter the field for the grain trade on an equality with all competitors.

A SUGGESTION.

SEATTLE, Jan. 16th, 1890.

To The Editor of The Post Intelligencer:

Permit me to make a suggestion—perhaps not a new one—that the handsome public square formed by the wise action of your city in abolishing the old jog at the juncture of Front and Commercial Streets, be ornamented by a statue of Washington's first governor, Gen. Isaac I. Stevens. Stevens was the pathfinder of the Northern Railroad route to the Pacific. He insisted that a railroad would and could be built across the Cascade Mountains when McClellan, then his subordinate, reported the route not practicable on account of the deep snows. He predicted all the recent developments of the Puget Sound basin. He had foresight, energy and courage. He died a soldier's death on the bloody field of Chantilly. He was a man of noble character. In brief, he was a true hero, and as time goes on he will be revered more and more as the father of the State of Washington. If a movement for a statue to his memory be started I am sure that there are many people in the East who will be glad to aid it.

E. V. SMALLEY.

THE GENTLE CHINOOK.

The Chinook winds of the Pacific Coast comprises one of the most enjoyable features of that climate. "Chinook" belongs to the Indian dialect of that coast, also called Chinook. The Chinook is a balmy wind that comes from the Karo Siro—the wonderful Japanese current that comes over the Pacific Coast. It is a cool wind in summer and a warm wind in winter. To this is due the absence of extremes in temperatures, which shield the people of Washington from the fatal storms and blizzards of winter, and the suffering and often fatal effects of the heat in summer.

Ex-Gov. Semple, of Washington, a long time and observing resident on the Pacific Coast, has given Western climatic influences and conditions considerable study, expresses himself as follows in regard to the Chinook:

"The Chinook is so gentle upon ordinary occasions that its presence cannot be noted by its motion, and yet it is almost miraculous in its effects. Snow and ice disappear before it with great rapidity. It seems to be able to blow for long distances between walls of colder air without parting with its heat. Sometimes it constitutes an upper current, in which case the remarkable spectacle is witnessed of snow melting on the mountain tops while thermometers in the valleys register below the freezing point. At other times it is the surface current and follows the gorges and valleys as a flood might follow them. It seems to bear healing upon its wings, like Sandolphon, the Angel of Prayer. This wind sometimes penetrates as far as the upper stretches of the Missouri, and even tempers the air on the plains of the Dakotas. Wherever it goes the chains of winter are unloosed and the ice bound rivers are set free. The Chinook is the natural enemy of the odious east wind, and while ordinarily it yields its influence as gently as the zephyrs that waft the thistledowns in autumn, still there are times when the winds engage in giant conflicts, and fight for supremacy, now in the upper, then in the lower strata, on the mountains and in the valleys, alternately driving each other back and forth, swaying the trees, tossing the leaves, and twirling the rain drops, or crystals of snow. But the combats never last long, and the victory is always with the Chinook. The inhabitants east of the Cascade Mountains, when winter has seized them and the east wind dashes snow in their faces, pray for the Chinook to come. They look by day for its moist front, and listen by night for the noise of its combat with the east wind. And when it reaches them they rejoice. Sometimes the Chinook is odoriferous, as if spice laden from the tropics. Such is the Chinook wind, the blessed wind of the Far Northwest."

BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE.

The poem, "Beautiful Willamette," is without doubt the best production of any Oregon poet, according to the *Salem Statesman*. It was written about 1870, and first appeared in the *Oregonian* and was copied by other Oregon newspapers, after which it received national notice. In 1873 it was printed in the old "Pacific Coast Fourth Reader." Samuel L. Simpson was the author of the poem and the compiler of the old Pacific Coast Readers which were adopted by the state of Oregon, and were used in the public schools for several years.

When the poem first appeared in the newspapers, it was under the heading, "Ad Willamettam," the Latin for "To the Willamette," but in the Fourth Reader it appeared under "Beautiful Willamette."

Like many another great poem it had a peculiar origin. The poem was written at Corvallis. The author had been on a protracted spree, and, this then being unusual with him, his wife being yet with him, he was despondent, and went down to the "Beautiful Willamette" to throw himself into the "crystal deeps" and thus end his sorrows. But the witchery of the lovely river aroused his poetical genius, and "Beautiful Willamette" was born to live as long as the river runs. Samuel L. Simpson, the author, now

resides in Portland. Of late years he has written some fairly good poetry; but he has become a veritable Bohemian, and is a victim of his appetite for the beverages proscribed by the W. C. T. U. His chief poem is as follows:

BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE.

From the Cascades' frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and marks us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

Spring's green witchery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey.
Beauty dimples on thy tide.
Through the purple gates of morning,
Now thy roseate ripples dance;
Golden, then, when day departing,
On thy waters trails his lance;
Waltzing, flashing,
Tinkling, plashing,
Limpid, volatile and free—
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter moon-mad sea.

In thy crystal deeps, inverted,
Swings a picture of the sky,
Like those wavering hopes of Aiden
Dimly in our dreams that lie;
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
Faint and lovely, far away—
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,
Breathing fragrance round to day.
Love would wander
Here and ponder—
Hither poetry would dream;
Life's old questions,
Sad suggestions,
"Whence and whither?" through thy stream.

On the roaring wastes of ocean,
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss;
'Mid the surges' rhythmic thunder
Shall thy silver tongue be lost.
Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness
Mocks this turbid life of mine,
Racing to the wild Forever,
Down the sloping paths of time!
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee!

HOW BUCODA GOT ITS NAME.

Bucoda is the name of a town in Washington. The origin of the name is of a somewhat curious nature. However, it arises from civilized sources. It will puzzle some of the commentators when they endeavor to search for its origin. You might, says the *Salem Statesman*, search all the foreign languages in the world and still not be able to discover it. This is how it was christened: There were three great men in that portion of the country where the town is now, and their names were Buckley, Coulter and Davis. Each of them wished the town to be named after himself. But they could not come to any agreement, and finally, as a compromise, the two first letters from each name were taken and placed together, and thereby originated Bu-co-da.

A BIG GOLD MINE.

A correspondent writing from Cooke City, Montana, to the *Helena Independent*, claims that the Alice E gold mine, located on Henderson Mountain, is the greatest mine on earth. Experts, who have examined the property, state that there are 3,000,000 tons of quartz in sight which will go from \$28 to \$38 per ton. The ledge is nearly 300 feet wide. A controlling interest is held by Denver parties. The camp where this mine is located was for a time a part of the Yellowstone Park, and is still very difficult of access, but a railroad is promised before the end of 1890, when more will be heard from the great mine.



NELSON Bennett says that fifteen years hence the big city of the North Pacific Coast will neither be Tacoma or Seattle. It will be, he predicts with confidence, his new town of Fairhaven, on Bellingham Bay opposite the entrance to Puget Sound. His argument is that a railroad can be built from Spokane Falls to that point by way of Lake Chelan and the Skagit Pass, that will be a 150 miles shorter than the existing road from Spokane Falls to Tacoma. Fairhaven is 100 miles nearer the ocean than Tacoma, and has a good harbor, with deep water close to the townsite. There are both coal and iron on the Skagit. Bennett is building a railroad eastward toward the mountains and another northward to the British line. It is needless to add that the people of Seattle and Tacoma do not take stock in his sanguine expectations. They are all ready to admit, however, that a good town will grow up on Bellingham Bay.

THE late Surveyor General Green, of Montana, was a man of strong individuality and a good type of the old school Southern gentleman. The following anecdote is told of him: On one occasion he was approached in a Helena hotel by a stranger, who asked him to sign a petition for the appointment of a man named Eaton to the very office he held himself. Evidently the stranger did not know whom he was addressing. Gen. Green turned the paper over for a moment and then broke out, "What is the matter with the present incumbent of the office? Is he disqualified for the performance of his duties? Is he incompetent? Is he dishonest? Is there any reason why he should be removed? My God, Sir, do you know who I am? Sir, I am the Surveyor General of Montana. Do you expect me to sign a paper for my own removal from office?" The man with the petition had not a word to say and made haste to retreat from the presence of the indignant general.

On the 13th of January at Weston, on the western slope of the Cascade Mountains, in Washington, the train was delayed for a few hours and I measured the depth of the snow at a level place and found it to be two feet and seven inches. Thirty miles further west, the same day, in the Valley of White River, there were but two inches of snow. When the train reached the head of the Puyallup Valley there was just a light coating of snow on the ground, and an hour later at Tacoma I found none at all. People were walking in the streets without overcoats. The atmosphere was warm, moist and spring-like—much like that of New Orleans in the same season. The fronts of cigar stores, fruit stands and meat markets were open, having neither doors nor windows. I never cease to marvel at the peculiarities of the Puget Sound climate. The latitude is as high as that of Duluth, but the weather is like April, mixed with October and November the whole winter through.

THE few Indians who have lately moved out of the Bitter Root Valley, near Stevensville, and whose lands are about to be sold at auction to white settlers, have a history which connects itself with one of the greatest American statesmen of the present generation. When the big Flathead Reservation was established many years ago, and the Indians of that tribe and their cousins, the Kootenais and the Pend d'Oreilles, were gathered upon it, some fifty families under the lead of a stubborn old chief named Charlo, refused to leave their old homes, and the graves of

their ancestors in the Bitter Root Valley. The government did not want to use force to compel them to go and resorted to a policy of temporizing and persuasion. Two or three commissioners were sent out at different times to treat with them. One of these commissioners was the late President Garfield, who was at that time a member of Congress. He was unsuccessful and so was the next attempt, made by Gen. McCammon. It was only after Charlo's death that his followers at last consented to take the money their farms would bring and go upon the reservation.

One day early in August last, I walked through the smoking ruins of the business district of Spokane Falls—a strange and picturesque scene of desolation. On the 13th of January I walked over the same ground and saw tall buildings of brick and granite—at least a score of them already under roof and more than a score closely approaching completion. In less than six months time the greater part of the burned territory had been rebuilt with structures far better than those which the fire consumed. That all the material for these great business blocks could be brought upon the ground and the work of masons, carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers and finishers done in so short a time seems almost magical. The spectacle might well furnish themes for two sermons, one on the energy of Western people and their abilities to grapple with great emergencies and turn calamity to profit, and the other on the wonderful organization of the mechanic trades of transportation and of capital, which could procure the complex material and the skilled labor to rebuild a city in a few months time on the western slope of the continent, in a region where nobody but wild Indians lived ten years ago.

It is related in Helena that Gen. Green and Col. Sanders once hired a hack to drive two distinguished strangers from the East out to the Hot Springs. After they had seen the springs, Col. Sanders proposed that they should go a little further out into the country and told the driver to leave the road and strike across the hills to a certain point from where there was a fine view of the valley. The driver, with the cross-grained independence of his class in Montana, refused to obey orders, saying: "I ain't driving my team up that mountain for no five dollars." Gen. Green, who had Southern ideas about the respect due from the serving class to their superiors, said, indignantly: "How dare you talk to gentlemen in that way, you impudent rascal. Sanders, climb up on the box, give the fellow a canning and take the reins away from him." Sanders did not resort to such extreme measures, though he did try to persuade the man give up the reins. A few minutes later, the driver, who was apparently mollified a little, suggested very politely that the gentlemen should get out and walk a few rods up the hillside where, he assured them, they could enjoy a fine prospect. They all walked up the hill, whereupon, the man wheeled his team around and started off for the city, calling back, "I'll show you damned prospectors who drives this team." The party had to walk six miles to reach Helena.

THE most conspicuous of the new edifices in Spokane Falls is an opera house and five story office building combined, as large as the St. Paul house which Tom Lowry was going to build and didn't. This structure is a monument to the public spirit of two of the four original settlers of the Falls, J. J. Browne and A. M. Cannon. These old friends have always co-operated in every movement for the advancement of the young city. Another noble building is called "The Granite," and is built of granite quarried on the shores of Cocolalla Lake, about fifty miles east of the Falls. It is five stories high and is occupied by stores and offices. The new hotel called "The Spokane," is big enough to attract notice in Chicago. I might mention at least a dozen more buildings, which, had they been put up in St. Paul or Minneapolis during the past year, would have called for extended description in the annual reviews of the daily papers of those cities. Where has all the money

come from to erect these handsome structures? Much of it is Eastern capital, easily obtained in the form of long loans, for the ground was far more valuable after the fire than were ground and buildings together before the fire; but much of it was home capital, made from the enormous advance in realty values naturally resulting from the rapid growth of a community of 25,000 souls on ground that was not even good farm land in 1880.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York World*, who expected to see in Tacoma men with pistols belted to their waist and women riding bareback broncos, was invited to a dinner party and found himself to be the only undressed man at the table. The ladies were in décolleté gowns and the talk was about the dressing of salads and the music of Verdi and Wagner. Going about the streets he noticed such evidences of an advanced civilization as manicures' signs and dressmakers signs in French. He learned that there had been an alumni dinner at which eighty-six graduates of Eastern colleges were present. The fact is the East gets its notions of the West from the pictures in illustrated papers of wild life in the mines and on the cattle ranges. Is it always the ruder phases of life that are illustrated in such periodicals, because only such phases are novel and picturesque to the Eastern reader. Railroads transport bodily all the essentials and luxuries of a highly organized society and set them down in the new towns of the West. This is what the Eastern reader never understands unless he has himself gone across the Continent. I venture to say that there are more pianos in Spokane Falls than in any town of the same population in Ohio or Pennsylvania, and that by the test of the number of Eastern magazines taken, almost any town in Montana or Washington will rank higher in intelligence than any town of like size in New England named at random for the comparison.

GIANTS OF THE FOREST.

Plying on Puget Sound is a boat 122 feet long. The timbers of which the hull is built run from stem to stern, and not one is spliced. As a specimen product a Washington lumberman sent to San Francisco last year a beam twenty-four inches thick and 152 feet long, writes a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. He explained that his intention was to make it 190 feet long, but the end ran into a bank and the log had to be cut. Spars for ship yards on the Clyde, in Scotland, are shipped from Puget Sound. At a mill in Portland you may see the timber sawed, mortised, painted, and numbered, for bridges to be put together in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana.

Puget Sound cedar shingles are used in New York State. Four ships are loading to-day at a Sound wharf, all with lumber. One goes to London, the second to Melbourne, the third to Valparaiso, the fourth to San Francisco. A test was made not long ago, of four-inch sticks of Washington fir, Michigan pine, and good white oak. The pine broke at 1,700 pounds, and the Washington fir at 4,300 pounds. Engineers say the straining force and endurance of the fir lumber is greater than that of any other. When one of these monarchs of the coast forest goes down, it shakes the ground like an earthquake. Let it fall across a canyon, and it doesn't snap, under the tremendous shock, but lies intact and rigid.

There is a bridge in Oregon across a ravine sixty feet deep, made by spiking a plank on a tree where it fell by accident. Where a windfall in the forest has occurred, these great timbers lie so thick that the only way to cross is to walk on the trunks from ten to thirty feet above the ground. Lumbermen tell of traveling for miles, and not once putting their foot on the soil. In the old town of Tacoma, where the settlement was before the land company and the railroad made a city, there is a church with a fir tree for a steeple. St. Peter founded his church on a rock. St. Peter's church of Tacoma has a tree for its corner stone. This tree has been cut off at a height of fifty feet and upon the top is the belfry.

THE WALKER OF THE SNOW.

Speed on, speed on, good master!
The camp lies far away;—
We must cross the haunted valley
Before the close of day.

How the snow-blight came upon me
I will tell you as we go,—
The blight of the shadow-hunter
Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
Came the pale moon and the stars,
As the yellow sun was sinking
Behind the purple bars.

The snow was deeply drifted
Upon the ridges drear
That lay four miles between me
And the camp for which we steer.

'Twas silent on the hillside,
And by the solemn wood
No sound of life or motion
To break the solitude,

Save the wailing of the moose-bird
With a plaintive note and low,
And the skating of the red leaf
Upon the frozen snow.

And said I,—“Though dark is falling,
And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome,
If I had but company.”

And then I sang and shouted,
Keeping measure, as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snow-shoe
As it sprang beneath my tread.

Not far into the valley
Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me,
In a capuchin of gray,

Bending upon the snow-shoes,
With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger
As we travelled side by side.

But no token of communion
Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
Left no footmarks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
Where the shadow hunter passed.

And the otter-trappers found me,
Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
For they knew that in the night
I had seen the shadow hunter,
And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria speed us!
The sun is falling low—
Before us lies the Valley
Of the Walker of the Snow!

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLEY.

THE BLESSED RAINS OF OREGON.

Essays on climate are seldom read, and, when scientific in their nature, are more seldom understood, and climate literature has become so associated in the popular mind with land booms that about as little reliance is placed upon it as upon a real estate agent's glowing descriptions of the unrivaled advantages of his ninety-ninth addition. Still, there are times when a few remarks are seasonable, and one of these times is the present. The Pacific Coast, especially that portion lying west of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada mountains, is now enjoying a season of copious rains that guarantee a rich harvest for both the farmer and the miner the coming year. The rains of the Willamette Valley are so steady and so ample in the winter season as to gain for this region the nickname of “Webfoot” from other sections which, if blessed with those same fertilizing showers,

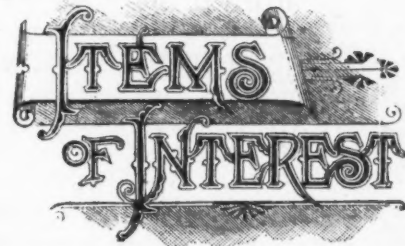
would annually add several millions of dollars to the value of their products. Oregon's winter season—or, rather, rainy season, for there is scarcely enough severe weather to justify the title “winter”—is a guaranty of abundant and never-falling harvests, which the exemption from rain in the summer season enables the farmer to garden without fear of loss from the elements. Then let it come, this blessed rain! Every Oregonian welcomes it, and every “Easterner,” who, dissatisfied with the almost constant moisture, returns to his former home to encounter the regulation winter of that region hies him back again to the land of Webfoot at the first opportunity, and adds his voice to the general paean of praise to the warm, gentle and fructifying rain. It is now the second week in December, and what has the rain accomplished? The rivers are running full and on them ply boats that are bearing the products of the country to market, and will continue to do so all winter without fear of interruption from ice. At the same time snow is accumulating in the mountains that will serve as a source of supply to keep the streams at a navigable stage until late next summer. The ground has been softened and rendered cultivable, and plowing and seeding of winter wheat has been progressing for weeks. Grass is growing with the luxuriance of spring and everywhere the ground presents a brilliant tint of emerald. Dairying finds now the same conditions existing in the spring, and green grass will be available for cattle the entire winter. There has not been a frost of sufficient strength to stiffen the surface of the ground or nip the tender leaves and stalks of geraniums or nasturtiums, which are growing and blooming with the luxuriance of early summer. Fuchsias, delicate roses, heliotrope, marguerites, carnations, a great profusion and variety of chrysanthemums and many other kinds of flowers are blooming. It is possible that at some time during the winter it may be cold enough to freeze such plants. It generally is for a few days, though such was not the case a year ago. Yet, in January and February the daisies and pansies will begin to bloom freely and the floral world will take a new lease of life. Surely there are many less beneficent things that are far less agreeable than the glorious rains of Oregon.—*West Shore.*

HUNT'S WELL LOCATED ROADS.

Most of the railroads on the Pacific Coast have their courses through old coulees or along rivers or small streams, and the traveler can see but little, save the shrubby brush along the stream, or rocks and sage brush. In this the Hunt road is an exception. Its course is along no river or through barren regions. The line leading to Pendleton passes through one of the richest wheat producing countries on the coast. On either side of the road as far as the eye can reach, rich, fertile land can be seen. The line to Walla Walla and Waitsburg passes through a rich region. Its course from Walla Walla to Waitsburg is through a country where the failure of crops is scarcely ever known. In this Mr. Hunt displayed wisdom, as the traveler much prefers the sight of great fields of grain and orchards to that of barrenness.—*Wallula (Wash.) Herald.*

THEN AND NOW.

Twenty years ago, O. M. Annis settled on a piece of land near the mouth of the Puyallup River. He camped on the claim one night, and the next morning one of the Indian tyees notified him that he was intruding on part of the reservation. Not caring to infringe on the right of the natives, Mr. Annis tucked his pants in his boots and waded off to higher ground further up the river. Some time afterward another white man came along and took the same land, and stepped it off and showed Mr. Indian that it was just over the line of the land allotted to him by the great father at Washington. This same settler has a standing offer of \$100,000 for the same claim to-day.—*Puyallup (Wash.) Commerce.*



The new state of Montana starts out without a dollar of debt and with a balance in the treasury.

Thomas A. Edison will deliver a lecture by phonograph, before the convention of the National Electric Light Association, in Kansas City, Feb. 11th.

Of 13,000,000 barrels of salt annually consumed in the United States, Michigan furnishes two-sixths, New York one-sixth, ten other salt-producing States one-sixth, and two-sixths are imported.

The longest reach of railway without a curve is that of the New Argentine Pacific Railway, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes; for 211 miles it is without a single curve, and has no cutting or embankment deeper than two or three feet.

The amount of coloring power stored in coal is such that one pound of the mineral yields magenta sufficient to color 500 yards of flannel, aurine for 120 yards of flannel 27 yards wide, vermilline scarlet for 2,560 yards of flannel, or alizarin for 255 yards of Turkey-red cloth.

Castle Garden received 315,228 immigrants during 1889. Every nation on the face of the earth except China was represented. The character of immigration was vastly superior to that of the preceding year, while in volume it decreased 68,387 compared with 1888. The decrease in every nationality was perceptible. Italian immigration dropped off over 15,000, representing the poorer element of that country.

Senator Moody, of South Dakota, claims that the Indian schools at Carlisle, Pa., and Hampton, Va., are practically useless so far as their general effect is concerned. The Indian boys who graduate from them and return to their own people are treated as aliens and have no influence for civilizing purposes. It would be much better if all such schools were located in the Indian country, and Congress should consider the matter carefully before making any further appropriations.

The question as to how far the human eye can see an object on the ocean or on the Western plains is too indefinite for a specific answer. The limits of vision vary with elevation, conditions of the atmosphere, intensity of illumination and other modifying elements in different cases. On a clear day an object one foot above a level plain may be seen at the distance of 1.31 miles; one ten foot high, 4.15 miles; 100 feet high 13.1 miles; one mile high, as the top of a mountain, 35.23 miles. This allows seven inches (or, to be exact, 6.99 inches) for the curvature of the earth, and assumes that the size and illumination of the object are sufficient to produce an image. Five miles may be taken as the extreme limit at which a man is visible on a flat plain.

In an exchange the following good advice is found. If persons acquiring real estate would always act upon it much trouble in after years would be avoided: “People purchasing property should always get an abstract of title. The neglect to do so leads to much confusion, and not infrequently to expense. Sometimes expensive lawsuits grow out of such carelessness. Every deed, mortgage or conveyance of any and every kind should be put upon record promptly. The right way always to do business is in a business way.”

MISSOULA.

The Garden City of Montana.—Its Recent Rapid Growth, Its Resources and Its Prospects.

BY E. V. SMALLEY.

It is not the custom of this magazine to illustrate the growing towns in the Northwestern States oftener than once in two years, but there are good reasons for departing from the rule in the case of Missoula, the attractive young city of Western Montana. This place was pictured on these pages in our September number of 1888, when it had a population of 2,500. It has now at least 4,500 people and is growing at a rate that will bring it up to 10,000 by the end of 1891 if its progress goes on without a check. New and important developments have taken place in the railway situation in Western Montana which account largely for this growth in a town which was but a few years ago a remote trading post, and these changes demand consideration in a periodical occupying the special field that *THE NORTHWEST* claims as its own. They are making of Missoula a great transportation center and are going soon to give it the control of the trade of large regions of country which have heretofore been cut off from it by formidable mountain barriers. At the same time there have been new mining developments of considerable value which are bringing in population and creating wealth. With this brief apology for presenting to my readers once more this picturesque and progressive town at the juncture of the two principal valleys of Western Montana, on the Pacific slope of the Great Divide, I will begin the task of description by answering a number of questions which shall occur to every one interested in the subject.

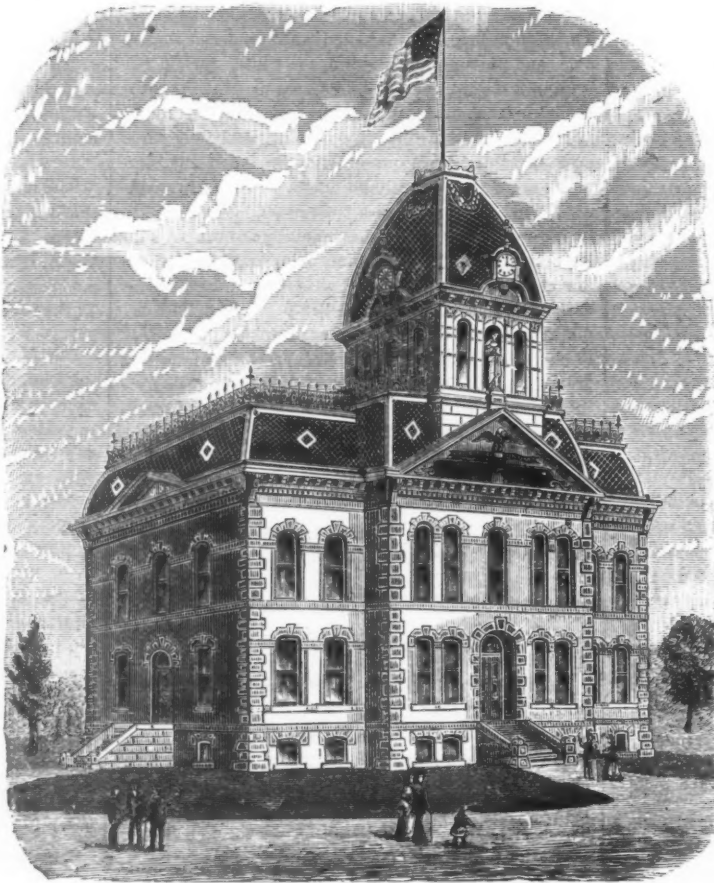
WHERE IS MISSOULA?

Missoula is on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, 124 miles west of Helena and 258 miles east of Spokane Falls. There is no other important town between those cities, and there is no other natural site for an important town. The valleys of the two principal rivers which form the Clark's Fork of the Columbia unite at this point. These rivers are the Hell Gate and the Bitter Root. The former is of varying width, from a narrow gorge only a few hundred yards across to a broad alluvial plain. In its upper part it is called the Deer Lodge Valley, and has an old reputation for fertility and successful farming. A number of smaller valleys diverge from it, having a considerable population supported by farming, stock-raising or mining. Among these are the valleys of the Big Blackfoot, Flint Creek, Gold Creek, and Little Blackfoot. On the head waters of the Hell Gate River, there called the Silver Bow, is the large silver and copper mining town of Butte. Lower down is quiet, shady Deer Lodge. On a small lateral valley are the important smelting works and town of Anaconda. At the head of the Flint Creek Valley is Phillipsburg and the most productive silver mine in the world, the Granite Mountain. From all these valleys the only natural railroad route towards the Pacific Coast is by way of Missoula. At Missoula the Hell Gate River is joined by the Bitter Root, which forms one of the most beautiful and fertile of all the valleys in the Rocky Mountains, a valley 100 miles long, with a width of from two to seven miles, and with large

resources in its irrigated farms, its silver mines and its forests of pine and spruce. Opposite Missoula the Bitter Root Valley has an elevation above the sea level of 3,195 feet. It is the lowest of all the agricultural valleys of Montana, excepting the Yellowstone below Stillwater. Its winter climate, however, is far milder than that of any part of the Yellowstone Valley, by reason of its situation west of the Main Divide of the Rockies and the liberal benefits it consequently derives from the warm wind known as the Chinook. The Bitter Root is the only fruit growing valley in all Montana. This fact alone tells the whole story of its mild climate. When you can enjoy invigorating mountain air and inspiring mountain scenery and have in the same place all the fruits that grow in New Jersey or Ohio except the peach, you have a region that comes about as near to being an earthly paradise, so far as climate is concerned, as any spot I know of. The two rivers form the Missoula, which has a beautiful valley

hills on the east the ground slopes gently for the space of about half a mile to the bank of a swift, clear river. On the opposite side of the stream there is a broad level plain reaching four miles to the Bitter Root River and available for building purposes clear up to the military reservation, about three miles distant. The plateau on the right bank, widens gradually from the narrow entrance of Hell Gate Canyons. Through the eastern outskirts of the town, and not far from the canyon's mouth rushes a wild mountain stream called Rattlesnake Creek, which is diverted in part a short distance up its narrow valley to furnish a bounteous supply of the purest water for irrigating gardens, lawns and orchards, for domestic uses and for fire protection. The waters of this little stream feed the long lines of poplar trees, make the door-yards gay with flowers and nourish orchards of apple, plum, pear and cherry trees that are heavily laden in the fruitage season with fruit that would command premiums at any Eastern fair, and currant and

berry bushes that grow as high as a tall man's head. Our artist's sketch of the town is taken from the hills just east of the railroad track and looks out over the broad delta between the Hell Gate and Bitter Root rivers to the noble range of the Bitter Root Mountains, the highest peak of which, the Lo Lo, seen in the distance, lifts its snow crowned summit to an altitude of 11,000 feet above the sea level. It was through the pass known by the name of the mountain that the Lewis and Clarke expedition made its way, in 1805 to the headwaters of the Clearwater, and through the same difficult defile came Chief Joseph with his band of hostile Nez Percés in 1878, closely followed by the troops under Gen. Howard. There are other points of historic interest connected with this beautiful landscape. Just to the left of the Lo Lo Peak, where the mountains come down to the Bitter Root Valley, the first seeds of civilization in what is now the area of the State of Montana, were planted by the Jesuit missionary, Father DeSmet, as long ago as 1841. The St. Mary's Mission, near the present town of Stevensville, is the oldest of all the Jesuit establishments in the Northern Rocky Mountains. From it sprang the larger mission of St. Ignatius, on the Flathead Reservation, north of Missoula, with its schools, church and village. At St. Mary's lived and died the noble Father Ravalli, priest and physician, who was a strong and beneficent influence



MISSOULA.—THE NEW COURT HOUSE.

seventy miles long and from one to five miles wide.

WHAT IS MISSOULA.

Missoula is the county seat of the county of the same name. The name means in the Selish Indian language the meeting place of waters. The county embraces the whole of Northwestern Montana, and has area of 21,000 sq. miles. It is larger than the State of Massachusetts. Its surface consists of mountains and valleys and its boundaries are mountain walls on all sides. The valleys are fertile and beautiful and the mountains are covered with timber and seamed with veins of the precious metals. The Main Divide bounds the county on the east and south, the Bitter Root Range on the west separates it from Idaho and numerous ranges, closely packed together, buttress the British line on the north. The town is in the midst of an active building epoch, and the one-story frame stores which answered very well the purposes of early frontier trade are giving way to tall blocks of brick and stone. Missoula occupies one of the most beautiful sites ever prepared by nature for the uses of a large town. From the abrupt grassy foot

among the Indians for over forty years. At St. Ignatius labored Father Mengarino, who printed a dictionary of the Flathead language with press and type brought nearly a thousand miles on the backs of mules. In 1851 Lieut. John Mullan came through these valleys, engaged in his three years' task of building a military wagon road from the head of navigation on the Missouri to the head of navigation on the Columbia. His road ran down the valley to the left of our picture and crossing the mountains passed through the dense forests of what is now the populous Coeur d'Alene mining district.

In 1854 the Stevens expedition, sent out by the Government to make a reconnaissance for the Northern Pacific Railroad, passed down the valleys of the Hell Gate and the Pend d'Oreille, or Clarke's Fork, following from the crest of the Rockies very closely the route on which the railroad was afterwards built. The pioneer settler was Capt. C. P. Higgins, who was a member of the Stevens party, and who was so much pleased with the country that he returned from the Columbia with a pack train loaded with

merchandise and set up a trading post where the town now stands. He and his partner Lieut. Frank Worden laid out the town and lived to see it prosper. They both became wealthy, first by their mercantile business and later by the value of their town property. Worden died in 1887 and Higgins in 1889.

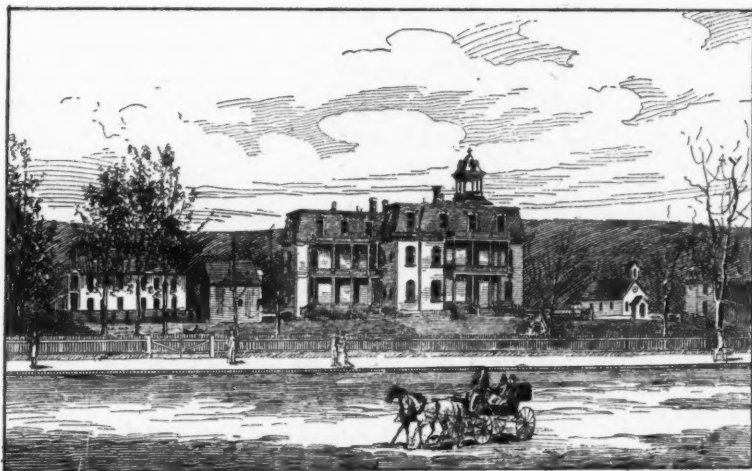
This busy little city is now a center of railway operations and railway construction and of a trade which reaches out on all sides for a distance of more than a hundred miles. It is called the Garden City, from its gardens, orchards and lawns; but it might with equal appropriateness have been called the Gate City, for it is the portal to all the valleys of Western Montana. It has two national banks, the First National and the Western Montana National, and one private bank, called the C. P. Higgins Western. The latter is established in a new building of granite and brick, so large and so handsome that it would attract attention in St. Paul. The Western National has just moved into a substantial new brick edifice. The First National has the foundations down for what will be the largest block in the town. All these institutions are rich and solid. The educational facilities consist of the large graded public school and the St. Mary's Academy for girls. The manufacturing concerns are the railway shops, the flouring mill and a brewery. Some day there will be a dam across the Hell Gate just above the town which will give an enormous water power. There are two hospitals in the place, the Western Divisions Sanitarium of the Northern Pacific Railroad, under the management of Dr. Buckley, formerly of St. Paul, and the St. Patrick's Hospital of the Catholic sisters. The former is shown in the right foreground of our picture and the latter is the large building a little to the right of the railway station. The churches are Presbyterian and Catholic, Baptist, Methodist and Disciples. The principal hotel is the Florence, and is thoroughly modern in its furnishing, its steam heating and its hot and cold water and electric light fixtures. The old court house was the pride of the place in the early days but is soon to be supplanted by a tall edifice of brick and stone. The city owns a good brick building for its offices and engine house. The new business blocks are as well built of brick and of creditable architecture. There are many pretty dwellings, shaded with poplars and surrounded with shrubbery and flower gardens. Water mains are already laid in the principal streets and a sewerage system will be put in this year. The streets are lighted by electricity. In short nothing is lacking for comfortable and healthful living. A pleasant drive leads across the broad plain between the two rivers to Fort Missoula, known in army circles as one of the most attractive military posts in the West. The blue coated soldiers add to the picturesqueness of the street life of the town and contribute not



MISSOULA.—STORES OF THE MISSOULA MERCANTILE CO.



MISSOULA.—THE HIGGINS BLOCK.



MISSOULA.—ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL AND ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

a little to swell the volume of trade. WHAT ARE THE RAILWAY ADVANTAGES OF MISSOULA?

Missoula is becoming one of the most important points on the Northern Pacific system, not only because of the magnitude of its traffic, but as a basis of operations for the building of new lines. The Bitter Root Valley branch diverges here and runs up the valley fifty miles to Grantsdale. It will soon be extended about forty miles further to the head of the valley. The new cut-off line to the Cœur d'Alene mining towns also leaves the main line at Missoula. Running down the valley for about seventy-five miles, of which twenty-five are completed, it strikes up the St. Regis de Borgia River crosses the Bitter Root Mountains, and comes down to Mullan, at the head of the South Fork of the Cœur d'Alene River, 125 miles from Missoula. This road, connecting with the line from Mullan to Spokane Falls, already partly finished, will effect a saving of sixty-five miles in distance over the present route by way of Lake Pend d'Oreille, and will, as a consequence become the route of the through trains to the Pacific Coast. It will be completed this year and will at once enable Missoula to secure much of the trade of the Cœur d'Alene camps and towns. Her large mercantile houses are well equipped with capital and stocks of goods to enter the field promptly for this important trade. The Northern Pacific has projected a line through the Flathead Valley to the fine agricultural region and the coal fields north of Flathead Lake, which will be of very considerable help in the building up of Missoula. This road will be about 150 miles long, ending close to the British boundary. There is no question as to its early construction.

The Washington and Idaho line of the Union Pacific already completed as far east as Mullan, has been located to Missoula, paralleling the Northern Pacific's new line. The question of further construction has not yet been determined by the Union Pacific management. If the road comes to Missoula it will undoubtedly go on to a junction with the Union's old line, either at Garrison or Anaconda.

The Manitoba Company, now called the Great Northern, has determined to start from Great Falls this year for the Pacific Coast. The route is not yet settled. One survey and the easiest for crossing the Rockies, takes the road up the Dearborn River, through Cadotte's Pass and down the Big Blackfoot to Missoula. Another runs farther north by way of the Flathead Lake Country and the Kootenai Valley. A choice of route will probably not be made until next spring. The building of the road through Missoula, opening a second trunk line east and west, would be of enormous advantage to the place, but even in case the northern route is selected the development of farms and mines and lumber industries in the northern part of Missoula County that would

follow could not fail to be of great benefit to the city. Its present supremacy as the distributing point of Western Montana would not be endangered and the new towns that would spring up would only add to the trade of this natural trade center.

WHAT ARE THE AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES OF MISSOULA'S TRIBUTARY VALLEYS?

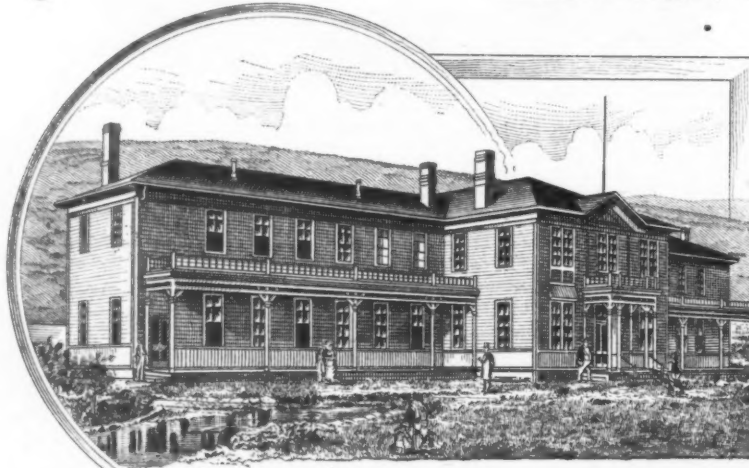
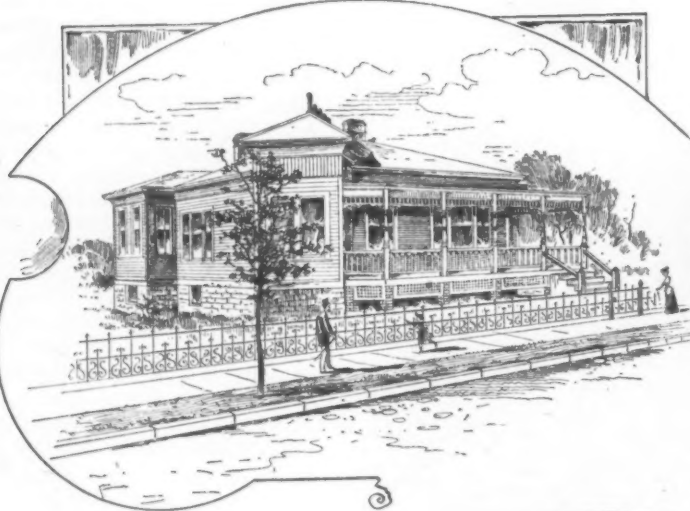
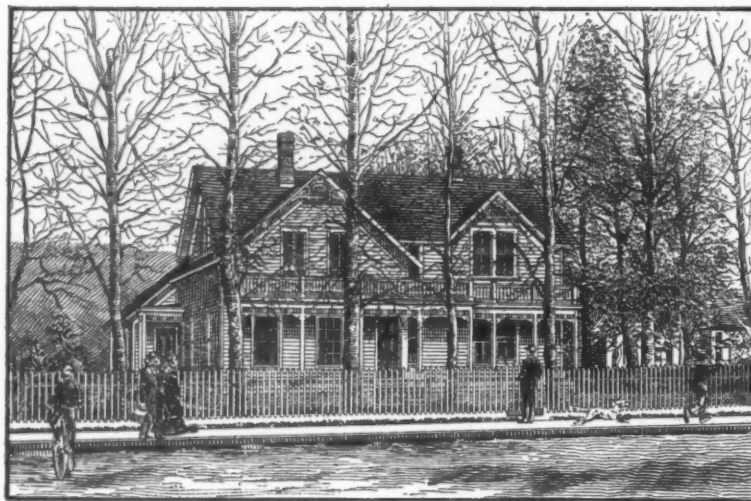
In an article on Missoula, written in 1888, I spoke as follows of the Bitter Root Valley: "In Western Montana the location of the towns is determined by the valleys. The whole country is covered by lofty mountain ranges between which lie many smiling, verdant valleys, where a rich soil and a genial climate reward the labors of the farmer. These valleys are hemmed in by the swelling, grassy slopes of the foot-hills, on which herds of cattle, flocks of sheep and bands of horses graze the year round, and above the foot-hills rise the pine-clad mountain slopes, culminating in abrupt peaks and ridges of naked rock where the snow lies in broad bands and patches the whole summer through. The valleys

present population. Its altitude above the sea level is only 3,000 feet, which, with its situation in the western part of the Territory where it feels the warm breath of the Chinook wind much more than do the valleys on the eastern side of the Rockies, assures it a mild winter climate adapted for fruit growing and gardening as well as for grain and cattle. Apples, plums, cherries and all small fruits flourish." Innum-

and stockraising the valley is a thoroughly good country and its inhabitants are prosperous and contented."

The valley of the Missoula River, below the town, rivals that of the Bitter Root in beauty and fertility. It is about seventy-five miles long by from two to five miles wide, and is well-settled for twenty-five miles, the people being mainly French Canadian farmers.

Their houses are neat and comfortable, their fields are well-fenced, and their farms have an air of thrift. This valley, like that of the Flathead River above the lake, is an exception to the general rule in Montana and does not require irrigation. In ordinary seasons twenty-five bushels of wheat and fifty of oats are raised. The lower part of the valley has hitherto been too remote from the railroad to invite settlement and has not yet been surveyed by the Government. The Northern Pacific's short line to the Coeur d'Alene mines and to Spokane Falls is now building through it and it offers peculiar attractions to homesteaders. All the unoccupied lands down to



VIEWS IN MISSOULA.—1. RESIDENCE OF C. P. HIGGINS. 2. RESIDENCE OF E. A. WINSTANLEY. 3. RESIDENCE OF R. A. EDDY AND A. B. HAMMOND. 4. NORTHERN PACIFIC SANITARIUM.

abound in swift, cold streams, flowing over pebbly beds and furnishing innumerable water-powers and countless haunts for trout. Along the margin of the streams grow thickets of alder and cottonwood trees and great natural gardens of rose bushes. It is a flowery land. Besides the roses which grow in great profusion, there are wild syringia bushes near the brooks and along the roadsides, wild sun flowers and wild geraniums everywhere in the pastures and a multitude of blooming shrubs and plants for which there are no names save the latin ones found in the botanies. Where the valleys converge, or broaden out so as to give room for considerable settlements of farmers, or where mines are worked, there the towns are found.

"The largest of the farming valleys is the Bitter Root, taking its name from its river and from the high mountain range which forms the western boundary of Montana. This valley is about a hundred miles long and from three to ten miles wide. It has room for thousands of farmers in addition to its

erable clear and swift streams flow from the gorges in the mountains and give a plentiful supply of water for irrigation which never fails in the driest summers. The products of this valley do not need to seek distant markets in the East, for there is a steady demand for them in such cities as Helena and Butte and in numerous mining towns. For mixed farming

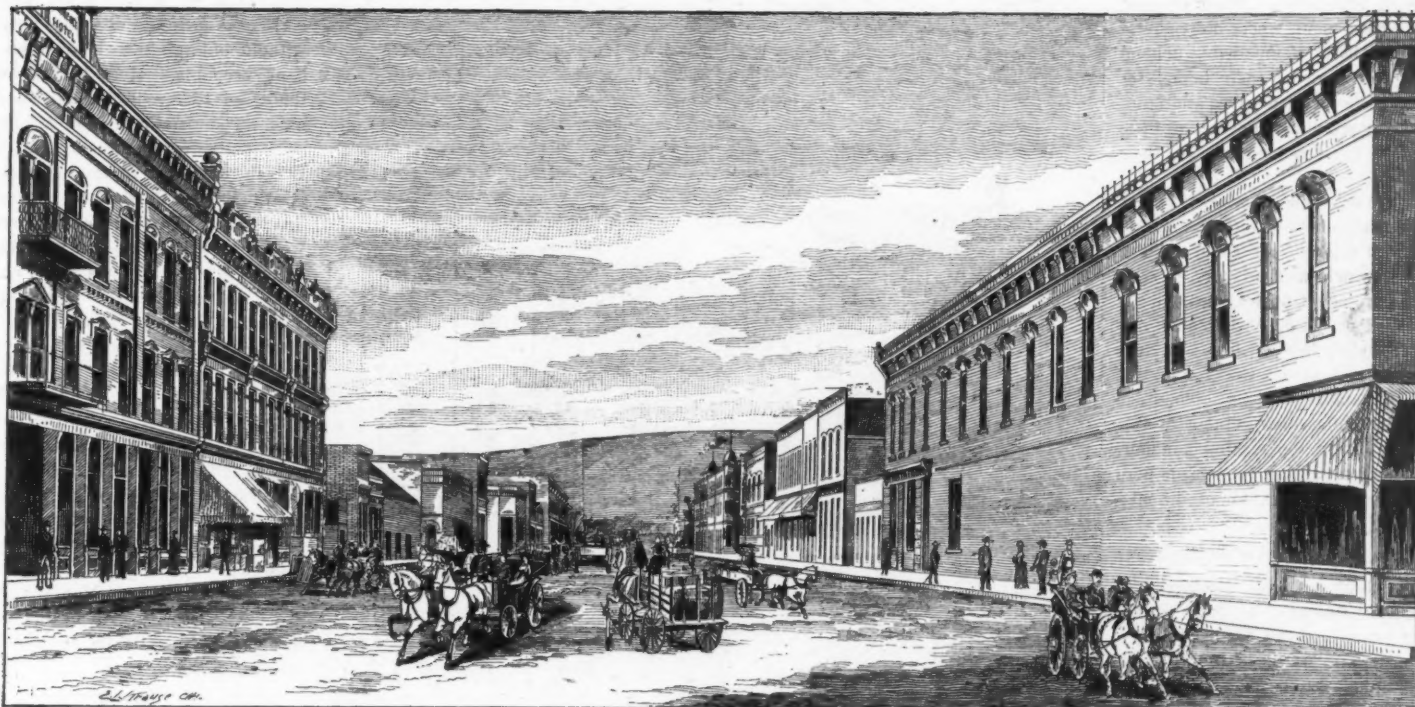
the mouth of the St. Regis, where the valley narrows in a canyon will no doubt be taken up during the present year.

The valley of the Big Blackfoot is seventy miles long, from the junction of the river with the Hell Gate, six miles above Missoula to the Main Divide, and is sparsely settled with farmers and cattle men. It will support a population of five times as great as it now has.

The Rattlesnake makes a small valley, with perhaps a hundred ranches. The Hell Gate Valley with its upper stretch known as the Deer Lodge and the Silver Bow, is 150 miles long and of a breadth varying from half a mile to ten miles. It contains a number of flourishing towns such

as Drummond, Bearmouth, New Chicago and Deer Lodge.

A thorough and interesting description of the great Flathead Valley, follows this article and is taken from the *Tribune*, a newspaper published in the new and flourishing town of Demersville, north of Flathead Lake.



MISSOULA.—VIEW ON HIGGINS AVENUE.

WHAT OF THE LUMBERING INTEREST?

It is already of great importance. The mills of the Missoula Mercantile Company, at the mouth of the Big Blackfoot are much the largest in Montana. From the numerous small mills in the Bitter Root Valley a train loaded with lumber is despatched every day to the Butte market, a large part of the shipment being of props for the mines. Spruce and Rocky Mountain pine are the timber trees of these two regions. Northwest of Missoula, along the Missoula and St. Regis rivers is a very valuable belt of timber not yet touched, which will become accessible next summer by the building of the Northern Pacific's cut-off line to the Coeur d'Alene district. Here, beside the ordinary pine of Montana, are found considerable tracts of white pine. Hemlock and white cedar also abound. A big lumbering industry will speedily grow up in that region and Eastern lumbermen looking for new openings for business would do well to get on the ground early next Spring and look the country over. During the past year the output of lumber from the Missoula district amounted to more than 80,000,000 feet and the industry employed nearly 2,000 men.

WHAT ARE MISSOULA'S MINERAL RESOURCES?

The following account of the mineral resources of the country immediately tributary to Missoula is taken from a recent issue of the *New York Sun*:

Eighty miles south of Missoula, near the head of the Bitter Root Valley, is the celebrated Mineral Hill district; this is an enormous mass of lodes of various metals, gold, silver, copper, galena, &c., but principally silver, copper and galena. The ores are similar to those which have paid millions in dividends to their owners in the Butte mines, and believed to be equally valuable. Several companies with large capital have recently been organized to work these mines, and the coming summer may

witness great developments. Old miners, experienced in every mining district of the world, entertain no doubt but these mines will be found equally valuable with any mines ever discovered. But little systematic work has been done as yet, but enough has been demonstrated to show that the mines are immensely valuable. These mines are being taken hold of by old miners from Helena, Butte, Leadville, etc., who have realized fortunes from mines and are not likely to take hold of unproductive property unless

size and permanency of their lodes. The celebrated Curlew Mine is owned by ex-Governor Hauser and a number of Helena capitalists. The best of the ore is shipped to Helena for reduction, and the balance stored until the company shall erect works of their own in Missoula. It is understood that the mine is paying largely, some of the ore is going as high as \$800 per ton. Between the Curlew and Lo-Lo Fork, a distance of thirty miles, more or less prospecting has been done and many valuable locations of gold

quartz have been made, but the owners being generally poor men have done little more than enough work to hold their claims. Some of these show free gold in paying quantities and are undoubtedly very valuable. Capital is now being introduced, many of the mines have been bonded, and this district will be fairly prospected during the summer. For many miles north of the Lo-Lo, opposite the town of Missoula, there has been no real prospecting done; miners have traversed the mountains in some places, and enough is known to settle the point that gold, silver and copper exist, and in paying quantities.

Some twenty miles below Missoula is the Nine Mile Mining District. Here is considerable placer mining and many lodes of gold quartz have been located. For thirty miles north of the range, more or less prospecting has been done and many mines reported, some of which are very valuable. We then reach the celebrated Flat Creek and Spring Gulch districts where a large number of the mines are being systematically worked with good results.

Two of the most important fields lie east of the Missoula River. Here are the celebrated Quartz Creek, Cedar Creek and Fish Creek districts, all of which produce large amounts of placer gold and contain many promising lodes, some showing free gold in paying quantities.

In considering the mining interests of Missoula County, it should be remembered that but few



MISSOULA.—THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

they see a sure prospect of realizing large returns.

Thirty miles from Missoula many locations of gold, silver and copper have been made, some of which have been prospected, but not sufficiently to fully establish their value. Free gold in paying quantities is found in many of these locations, but not enough work has been done to determine with accuracy the

comparatively of the located mines have passed from the hands of the original discoverers. These are generally poor men, whose only capital is their labor. Compelled to depend upon the work of their hands for subsistence for themselves and families, they are able to devote but little time to the development of their claims.

In the catalogue of mines tributary to Missoula above given, no mention has been made of the Cœur d'Alene mines, which will become, as soon as the projected railway through the Mullan Pass shall be completed, one of Missoula's best feeders. A large force of men is now working on this railroad, and it will be completed, as is noticed in another column of this article, during the coming summer. No mention has yet been made here of mines on the east side of the Missoula River.

OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

The best coal yet discovered in Western Montana is found in the upper valley of the Flathead River, about 125 miles north of Missoula. This promises to surpass the Timberline coal, mined near Bozeman, for solidity, richness in carbon and thickness of veins. Of course it is of no use save for local consumption until a railroad is built to the region. Three miles from Missoula a mine of good black lignite has recently been opened and the output hauled by wagon to the town finds ready sale.

Petroleum has been discovered north of Flathead Lake, but no effort has yet been made to test the value of the find by sinking wells.

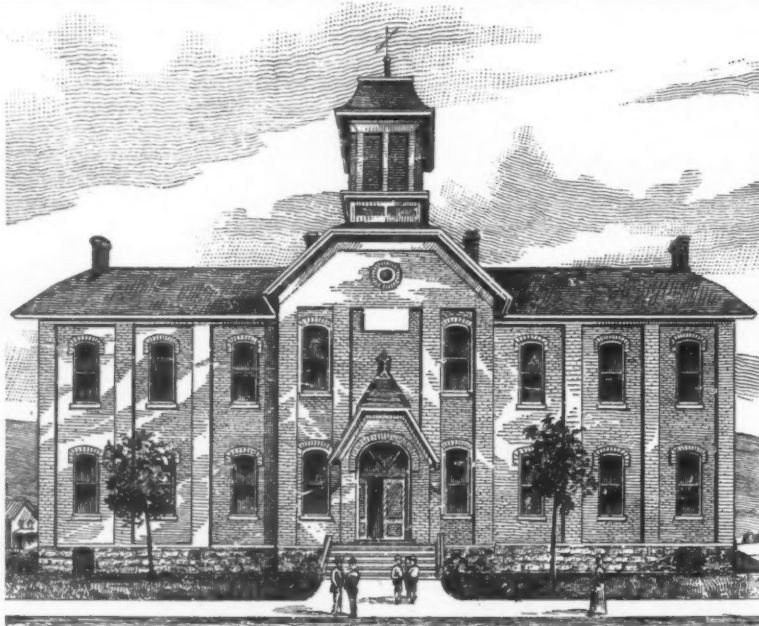
Stock raising on the grassy foot hills of the numerous mountain ranges and in the portions of the valleys not available for farming, is an important source of wealth. Besides the large herds owned by stockmen, all the farmers raise cattle, pasturing them nine months of the year on the open ranges near their homes and giving them some winter care and feed after the middle of December.

There is an excellent opening for a few dairymen to locate near Missoula and supply the city with milk and butter. They would be sure to make money. Most of the butter sold in Missoula comes from the Crescent Creamery, in St. Paul.

Real estate has advanced in the city from 100 to 200 per cent. during the past year. The best vacant business corner is now held at \$400 per front foot. Residence lots of thirty feet front sell for from \$100 to \$1,000.

Excellent gray granite is quarried a few miles east of Missoula. This stone can be seen in the new building of the C. P. Higgins Western Bank.

It is always a pleasure to recognize the enterprise of the newspaper men who are laboring to build up the new towns of the West and to attract settlement to new regions. They are not always as well appreciated at home as they deserve.



VIEWS IN MISSOULA.—1. CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING. 2. RESIDENCE OF W. M. BICKFORD. 3. RESIDENCE OF JOHN R. HIGGINS.

Often they are a long way in advance of their communities. They do a great deal of unpaid work, which makes the fortunes of other people without enlarging their own small bank accounts. Here in Missoula there are two well-conducted journals. The *Missoulian* is a handsome daily, with a weekly edition. It is the old paper of the region and is edited and published by Harrison Spaulding. The *Gazette* is a young weekly already preparing to issue a daily. It is owned by a stock company, of which T. C. Marshall is President, and is managed by L. Molinelli. This paper put out on the first of January a big sixteen page holiday number, with a lithographed cover, and with seventy-three engravings of buildings, landscapes and people. This enterprise is without a parallel of its kind, so far as I know, in a town no larger than Missoula. Readers of THE NORTHWEST who want fuller information about Western Montana than we have space to give in this issue are advised to write for the holiday number of the *Gazette*.

THE FLATHEAD COUNTRY IN MONTANA.

A good description of the Flathead Country in the northwestern part of Montana, was recently given by the *Inter-Lake*, published at Demersville, the head of navigation on Flathead River, and is herewith reproduced:

Beginning on the northern boundary line between the United States and British America, 49° north latitude and extending south to the 48° north latitude, and between the 114th and 116th meridian of west longitude, we have the map of what is known as the beautiful lake country. North of the junction of the White River with the north fork of the Flathead River, at the Bad Rock Canyon, but little is authentically known of the country, but enough is known of the rivers and lakes to warrant the assertion that all published maps of this country are delusions and a fraud, and have been drawn from the imagination of the map makers with little regard to truth or the topography of the country. It is not the purpose of the writer of this article to go into minute details, but rather to give a general description of the country—its lakes, its rivers, its immense forests of timber, consisting of red and white cedar, cone, fir, pine, birch and balsam of Gilead, its vast coal fields and its unsurpassed soil. It will be hard for the student of geography to believe that the south fork of Flathead River and Sun River head nearly together between the Sheep Horn Mountains and the main range of the Rockies. It is a fact, nevertheless—the one taking a southwesterly course for over one hundred miles, and the other a northeasterly course, cutting through the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and turning its volume of water over Sun River Falls.

About one mile above the point

where the south fork of the Flathead River empties into the north fork, it is met by the middle fork, and the waters of the two rivers commingle and contribute to the vast volume of water carried by the north fork of the Flathead River. This magnificent river rises in the British possessions and its general course is south through mountains and lakes, and just before its turbulent passage through the Bad Rock Canyon, it receives the waters of White River, 'thro' the woodland and the meadow,' then out they come and go 'to join

beautiful lakes, charming landscapes and grand mountain scenery all conspire in adding their several charms. Without doubt this is the best watered section with the richest soil and the finest timber in Montana. The mountains are full of game, and the lakes and rivers teem with the choicest variety of fish.

Flathead Lake is one of the finest bodies of water to be found in the mountains, it being about thirty-five miles long and about ten miles wide. In places it is fathomless. A crystal brilliancy prevades the water,

generation in the statement that the deer—king of the forest—attracted by the noise of the diminutive steamers as they go puffing up the stream, come to the banks and gaze in bewilderment at the strange sight, there remaining until sent to earth mortally wounded by the unerring fire of the sportsman's rifle. Ducks and geese abound in numbers too great to be appreciated, while the hunter on land finds no sport in blazing away at the many pheasant, grouse and chicken which cross his path. Bear and mountain



MISSOULA.—THE HOTEL FLORENCE.

the brimming river.' This splendid river, after passing through the canyon, is foaming and violent until after receiving the waters of the Maple or White Fish and Stillwater Rivers from the north, a distance of some forty miles, and from the mouth of the Stillwater, for some forty miles, it forms a vast bayou, flowing smoothly, calmly and serpentine until it makes its confluence with Flathead Lake, whose outlet is the Pend d'Oreille River. This lake and river system is a feeder of Clark's Fork of the Columbia.

It is on this river that vast coal beds have been but recently found, immense in quantity and rich in carbon. It is claimed that anthracite, bituminous and brown lignite coal abound, and good evidence of the existence of coal oil is abundant. The mountains in this country are of aqueous and indigenous formation. In our river beds we find blue and dolomite lime, granite, sandstone, talc and metamorphic slate, felspar and good specimens of hematite iron. Fair prospects of gold and silver ore have been found, and good indications of placers are said to exist in streams tributary to White River. On these mountains and on the margin of streams, lakes and rivers are immense forests of deciduous and evergreen trees. Huckleberries, raspberries, gooseberries, plums, currants and wild cherries are indigenous to the country.

At Bad Rock the country opens out in a series of splendid valleys, having an average of some fifteen or twenty miles. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, and the subsoil is a hardy clay pan. Good crops of all cereals have been successfully raised, and vegetables are unsurpassed in quality or quantity. The country is mild and not susceptible to sudden changes; the Japan current gives warm chinook winds in winter. This is the gem of all Montana valleys; its

fish being visible at a depth of many feet. High mountains surround the lake, the peaks of some of which are clad in perpetual snow.

The Flathead River, about thirty miles of which is navigable, is a marvel of nature's handiwork, and though sluggish in its course, is deep and voluminous. Its shores are extremely picturesque, being skirted with dense timber, alternating with cliffy causeways and occasional patches of ground made clear by the hand of the sturdy husbandman. Here along this route is the hunters paradise, and there is no exag-

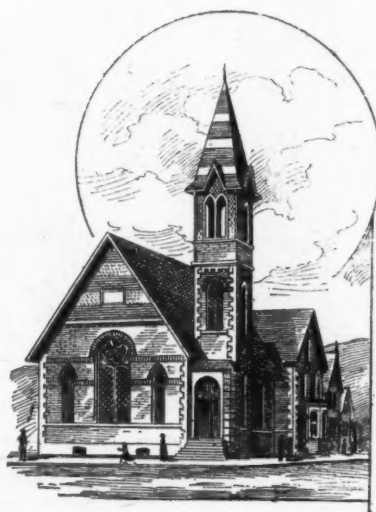
lion afford ample pastime to the fearless cracksman, while the disciple of Isaac Walton can haul from the steamer's bow in a few moments, sufficient of the finny tribe to appease even his most sanguine expectations.

At the head of navigation on Flathead River, thirty miles from the head of the lake, is found the town of Demersville, a thrifty and progressive settlement, the largest in the valley. Here has been amply demonstrated what can be accomplished by thrift and energy. Congenial, hospitable and enterprising citizens indeed, are those who to-day are making Demersville the nucleus about which a promising city is to form, and all honor to them for so doing, and may they who have planted their faith in the little village of now about 200 inhabitants, live to see their highest hopes materialize.

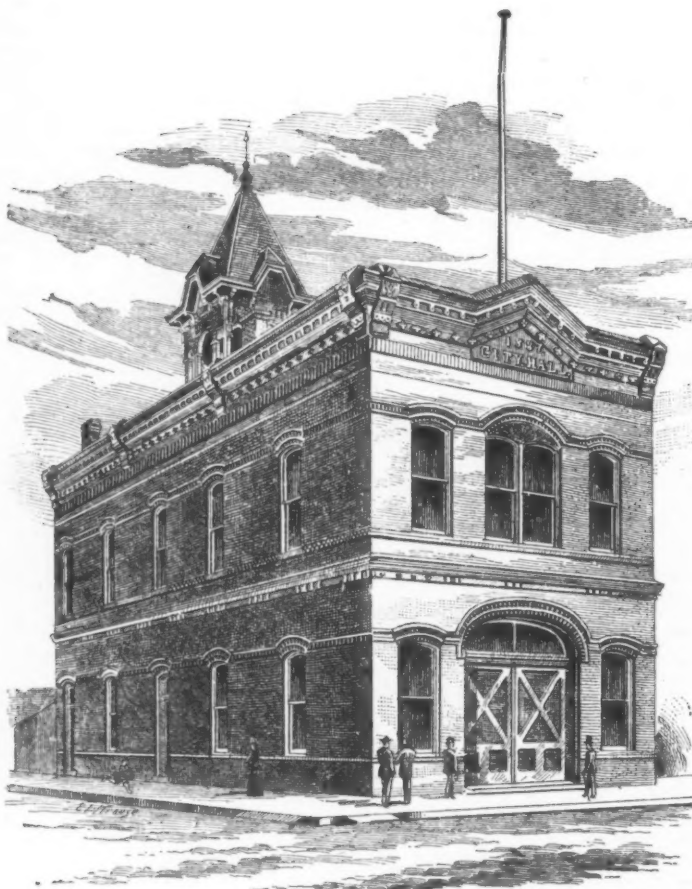
Across the river to the east is the little settlement of Egan, situated about four miles from Demersville and reached by a beautiful wagon road literally hewn out through solid timber. A more romantic drive cannot be imagined and the gigantic task accomplished can only be appreciated by riding through it. Surrounding this settlement for a distance of many miles are the valuable university lands upon which all eyes are now centered, awaiting for their placement on the open market. Well kept farms are here visible at every turn, features of the country being the cultivation of large tracts of grain field without the aid of irrigation. Still to the east is the little hamlet of Sheldon, likewise surrounded by rich lands, the soil extending to the base of the mountains.

Down the river, and again crossing to the west side, Selish, with its tributary country, is approached. Here also the valley is studded with prolific farms.

Returning to Demersville and proceeding south is



DISCIPLES CHURCH, MISSOULA.



MISSOULA.—THE CITY HALL.

encountered another beautiful section of the valley in a portion of which is situated Ashley, a settlement said to be five years the senior of any other in the country, and surrounded by beautiful lands.

Crossing a low divide the magnificent Smith Valley, a veritable paradise, is reached. Near the summit is a gem of a lake. Below the eye gazes upon three terrace-like lake, their crystal streams sparkling in the sunlight. Crossing the divide to the North, the eye wonders over a beautiful farming country, well fenced, with dwelling barns, etc. You can see for miles and miles ranch after ranch, with cattle, horses, stacks of hay, grain, etc., in abundance. To the south you can see almost every ranch in Smith's Valley, and a lovelier place one seldom sees. It is surrounded on all sides by mountains, and verily is the garden spot of the Flathead Country.

A GOOD STORY TOLD BY AN OLD WESTERN GAMBLER.

Says a writer in the *Kansas City Times*: "A few years ago I was one of the dealers in a faro bank up town, and an acquaintance whom I liked very much was a dealer in a similar bank in the next block. Both were reputed to be, and undoubtedly were, 'square' games. The proprietor of the game my friend dealt for, however, was known to be extremely close and mean in money matters, and everybody disliked him, but as his game was trustworthy, his place was well patronized. I was not surprised one day when my friend came to me and told me that 'Old Nick'—that'll do for the proprietor's name—owed him \$5,000, representing his interest in the game in lieu of a salary, which he refused to pay over. My friend proposed that I should come to this bank and play while he was dealing and he would fix the deck so that I would win out the amount 'Old Nick' owed him, and something over for myself. Being a dealer myself, and knowing that a sign from my friend would indicate just how the cards were to run through a deal, I saw that it was possible to right my friend's

wrongs and make a few hundred out of 'Old Nick.'

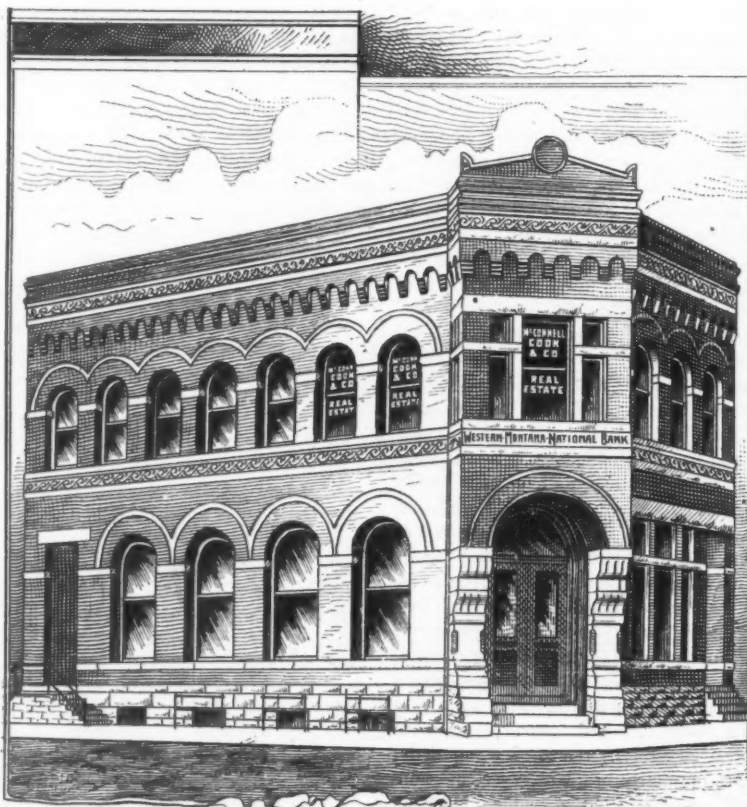
"The first night everything seemed to go wrong. I got the sign to play 'single out' and the cards ran 'double out.' I lost \$1,000 and left the place as mad a man as you ever saw. The next day I met my friend, who declared that it was the most astonishing thing he ever heard of; that he had acted squarely all through, and that somebody must have changed the decks in the drawer of the table, so that he had used the wrong one. He offered to make my loss good if I did not win out the full stake at the next sitting. He seemed square, and I believed him. The next night I played and lost \$2,000 more, and when I left the place I was crazy mad. I didn't dare say anything there, for it would have hurt me at my own place to have it known that I was in a brace at another man's game. I decided to wait until next day and give my false friend a thrashing at least. The next day, however, the bank was closed and the dealer had skipped. 'Old Nick' had lost money on the races, had grown desperate, 'had plunged' and gone 'broke.' His partner, my friend the dealer, knew that the bank would close and roped me in for a 'stake' to get away. I was terribly angry, for I had been influenced by my sympathy for my friend and wanted to help him out.

"Did I ever get my money back? Well, I should say I did. I was out west two years ago, and one night strolled into a game. Just as I was about to buy a stack of chips I noticed my friend sitting in the lookout's chair. He saw me at the same time and motioned me to come to him. As I approached he drew out a roll of money and said: 'Here's the dust you loaned me some time ago; much obliged, old man.' I counted it and found it correct. Calling another man to the chair, he led me aside and explained that he had been in a desperate strait at the time, and had always intended to repay me. He was now prosperous, he said, and making a fortune rapidly. I played at his game all that night and lost just the \$3,000 he had paid me. I felt very queer when I went away, but felt too cheap to say or do anything. I have since come to the conclusion that there's no money in 'bucking the tiger' unless you are behind the game. I never play in front of the table any more; I can't afford it."

A GENEROUS DONATION.

Mr. Henry Villard, the great railroad magnate and "Napoleon of finance," shows his friendly feelings toward the people of Brainerd and the Northern Pacific railroad employees, by tendering the generous donation of \$2,000 to the Young Men's Christian Association of this city. Mr. Van Campen, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is in receipt of a letter notifying him of Mr. Villard's desire to contribute that amount towards liquidating the debts incurred in erecting the beautiful building which is the pride of our city. This generous donation will enable the association to discharge all the obligations incurred in building, and the boys can commence the new year in splendid financial shape. The building was not completed at the start because of a lack of funds, but the carpenters and painters have been busy for some time past putting in the finishing touches, and everything will be completed as originally designed within a very few weeks. All honor to the big-hearted Henry Villard! —*Brainerd, (Minn.,) Tribune.*

During the great snowfall in the West last month, the Northern Pacific was the least affected of any transcontinental line.

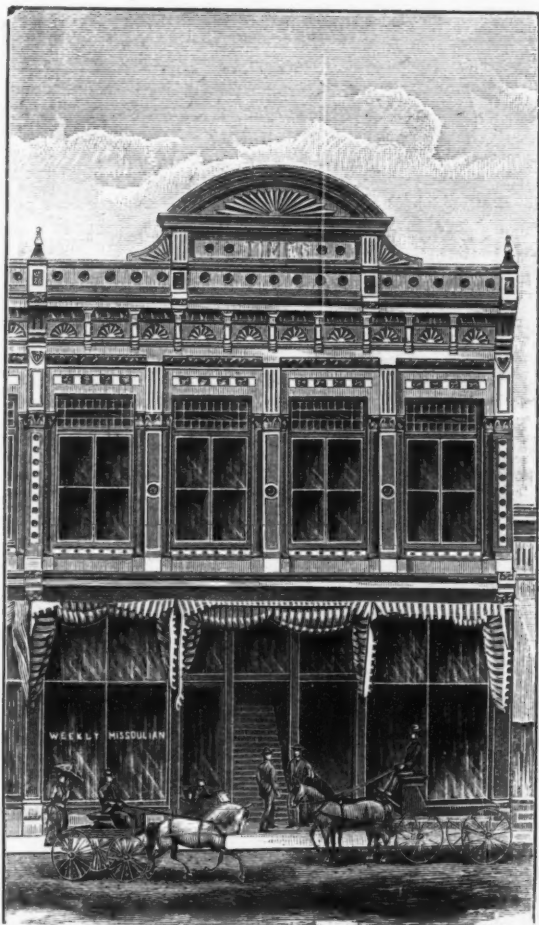


MISSOULA.—WESTERN MONTANA NATIONAL BANK.

NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

The man who has his home in any part of Minnesota may be said to be fortunate. The land is generally rich and productive, and the towns and cities as a rule are prosperous. But it may be truthfully said that of the 50,000,000 acres of land in the State the choicest lies in the northern part. It is suitable for all agricultural purposes. The surface is mostly rolling. Part is prairie and part is timber. The soil is rich, of a black, sandy loam, wonderfully productive. Wheat, hay, oats, flax, corn, barley—I dare not stop to give the statistics, but they would astonish our Eastern farmers.—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

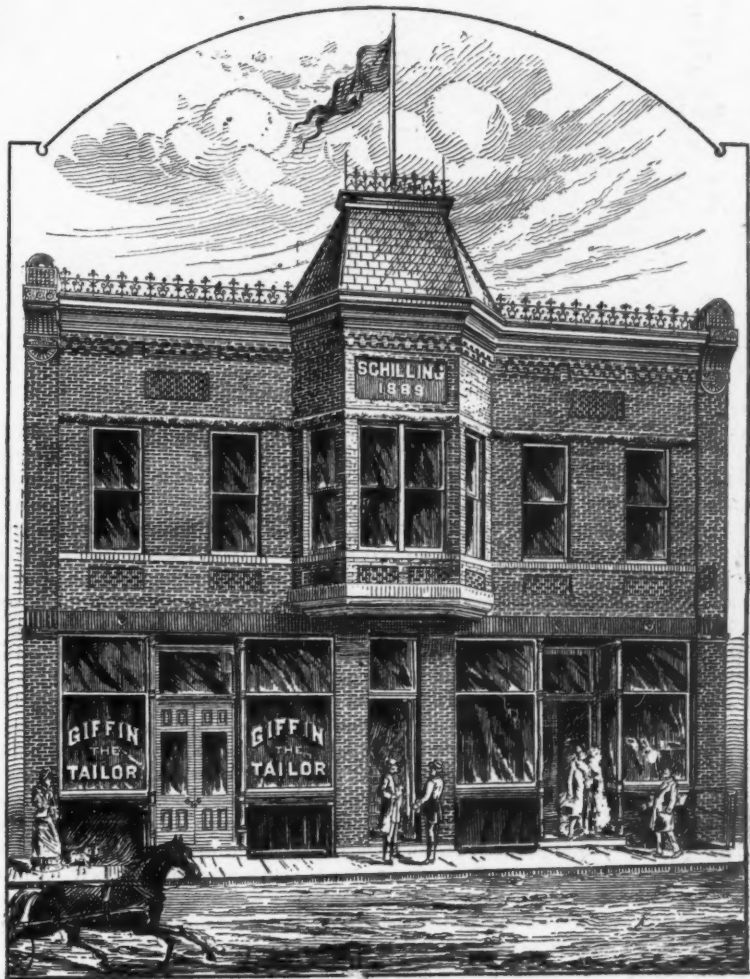
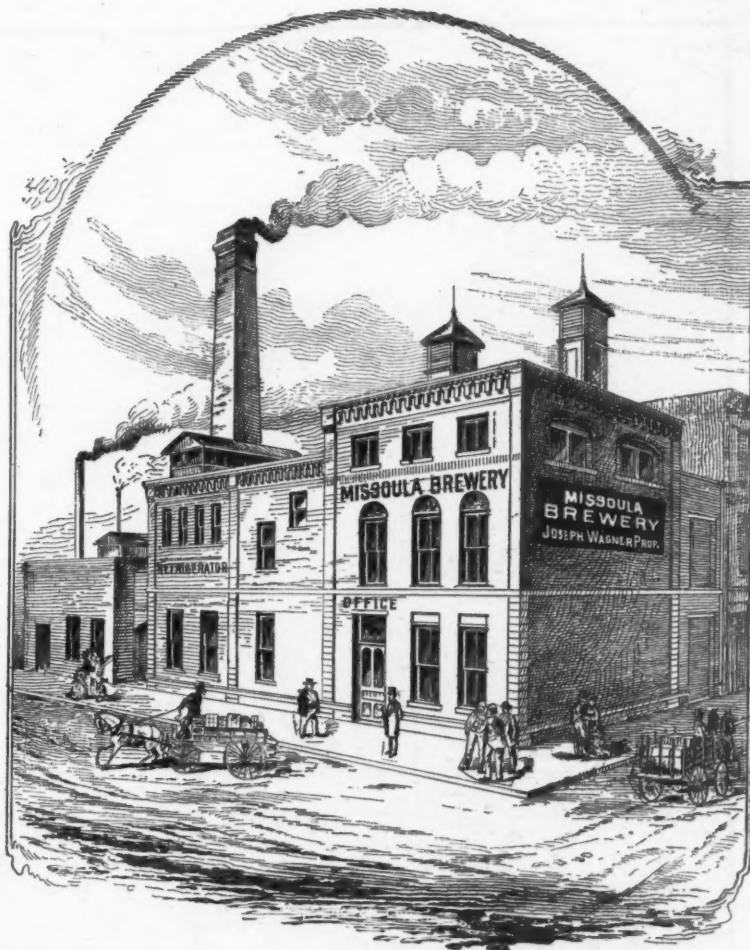
"Each of these States has in its resources the development of which will employ the energies and yield comfortable subsistence to a great population. The smallest of these new states is Washington, which is twelfth, and the largest Montana, which is third among the forty-two states in area. The people of these states are already well trained, intelligent



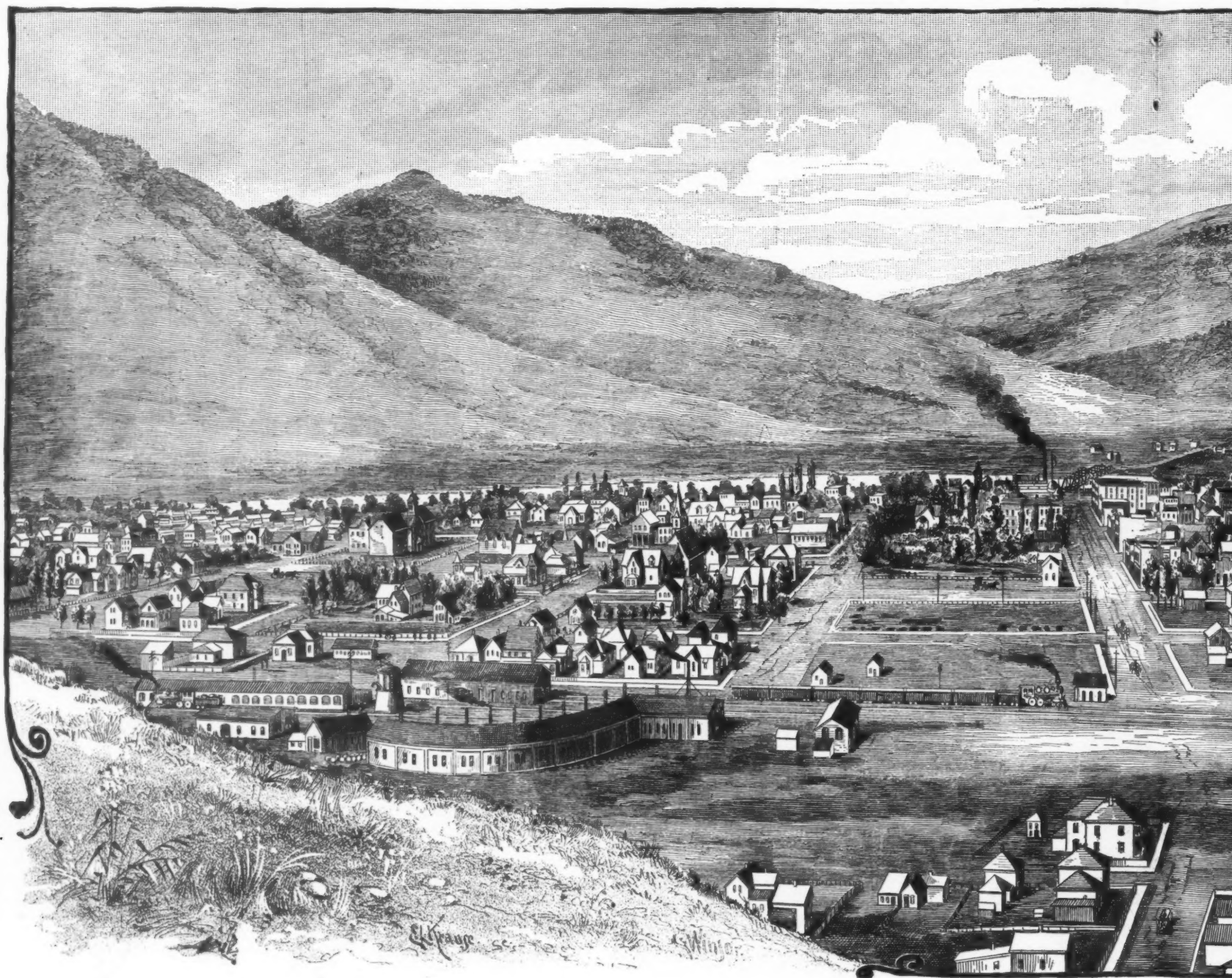
MISSOULA.—DAILY MISSOULIAN BUILDING.

and patriotic. American citizens, having common interests and sympathies with those of the older States and a common purpose to defend the integrity and uphold the honor of the nation." This is what Uncle Ben Harrison in his annual message says of the four new states and Uncle Benjamin is just about right.

The record of railroad building for 1889 shows that Washington is by far the banner state of the West. Within that period there has been constructed in Washington a total of 308 miles of new road, or more than double the new mileage of any other state in the West or Northwest. In the Dakotas only eighty-two miles of new road were built. Oregon constructed only 30 miles; Wyoming 40. Idaho built 70 miles, and Utah shows 46. Illinois has 179 miles of new road. Iowa lags with 90. In Wisconsin 107 miles were built during the year. Minnesota has 147 miles to her credit. California built 121 miles of new road; Nebraska 120, and Kansas but 54. Colorado shows but seventy-eight miles, while Montana develops 138 miles. Many new lines are projected for 1890.



MISSOULA.—1. THE MISSOULA BREWERY. 2. THE SCHILLING BLOCK.



GENERAL VIEW OF MISSOULA, M

AN EXTRAORDINARY NEWSPAPER.

The most extraordinary newspaper I have ever had any knowledge of was a paper published up in the Sierra Range about fifteen years ago, the *Manganetus Index*. The publication alluded to had mysteriously fallen into my mail box in San Francisco for over a year, and it was always a welcome arrival, says a writer in the *Buffalo Courier*. It was neatly printed, carried several columns of live advertisements, and had a bright, hustling air about it that always gave me a very favorable impression of *Manganetus*, as well as of the man who edited the paper. He took a decided stand on all the current topics of the day, and in everything happening in the town where his paper was published he carried candor to the verge of bewildering rashness. I never saw a paper edited with such absolute fearlessness, and I often wondered why it was that this editor was not some time mobbed or murdered.

At last my business took me in the vicinity of *Manganetus*, and I decided to make the editor a call. It was fast coming on nightfall as I neared the spot where the town was located, and I spurred my horses up the steep mountain, thinking of the warm bed

and excellent supper I should soon be enjoying. My mind was full of the *Slavin House*, a hotel of very superior accommodations, which advertised liberally in the *Index*, and whose royal provender and home comforts the little paper was never weary of describing.

"Only a mile more," I said to myself, as I thumped my weary beast with a good-sized stick, and after another mile I repeated my observation, and so the poor horse went on checking off miles and miles, while I persuaded myself that each mile was the last. Strange, I thought, that I could see no lights ahead. I strained my eyes for the welcome twinkle from cottage windows that in the darkness tell the traveler of the town, but the night crept on, a little faster perhaps than the horse, and still I was alone.

Presently I came to a log cabin, and my heart rose as I saw the light gleaming through the chinks. Dismounting, I walked stiff and lame, to the cabin and hammered on the door. A little, bent-up man, with a wrinkled, leathery face, came to answer, and as he opened the door cautiously, I noticed that he had a cocked pistol in his hand.

Seeing it I said: "Here is civilization."

After the little man with the big pistol had surveyed my famished face and tired horse, he opened

the door a little wider, and then swinging it back, with a smile somewhat apologetic in its character invited me in.

"How far to *Manganetus*?" I asked.

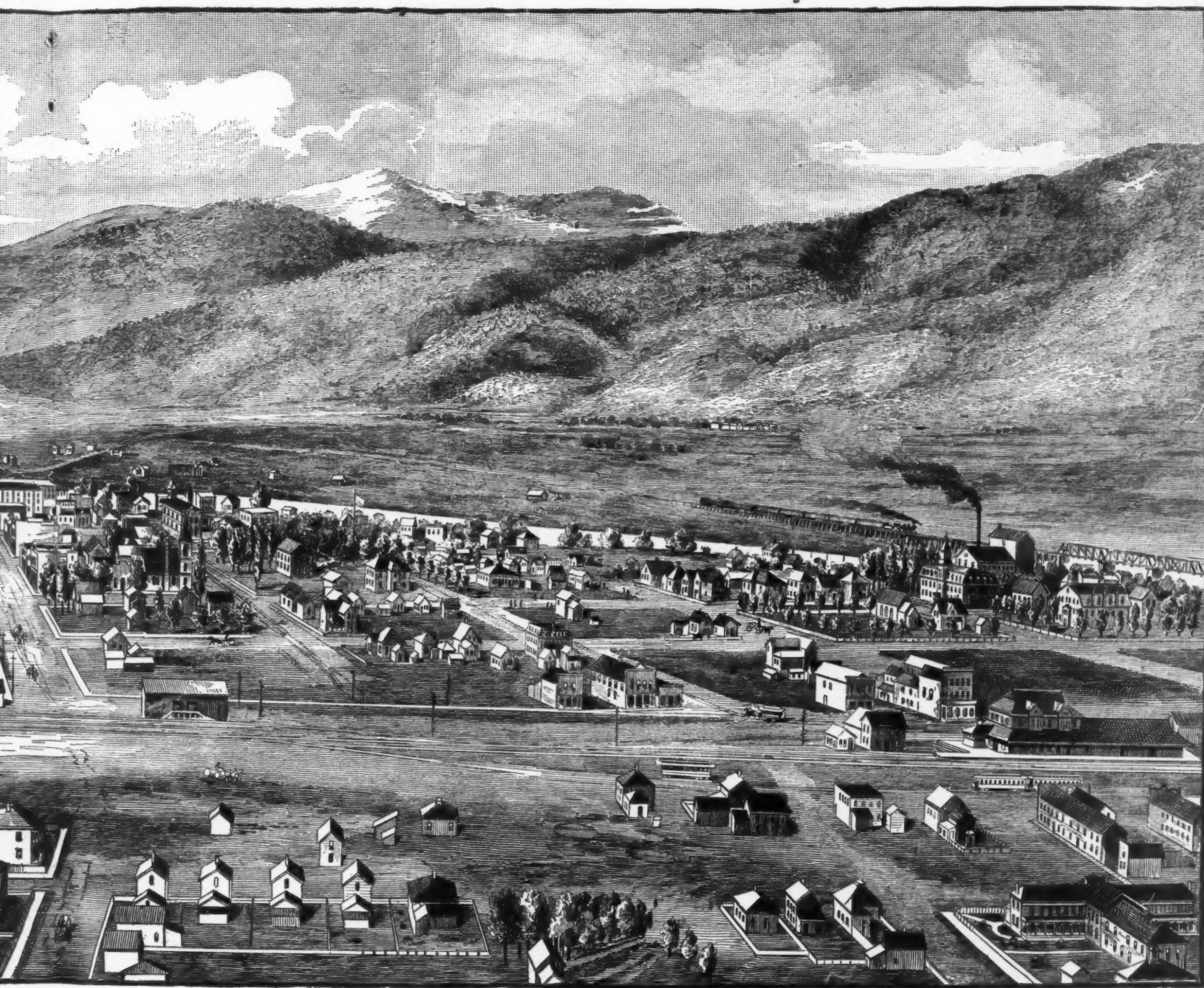
He looked at me in a rather queer way, and bit his lip, as if nipping a smile in the bud.

"Is it far from here? Can I reach it tonight?"

"Hardly think you can make it to-night," he replied with a tone that puzzled me somewhat; "can't you stay all night?" he added. "Better stay; you can't possibly make *Manganetus* to-night."

I accepted the invitation with alacrity. My horse being provided for I was soon absorbing the heat of a cheery fire and listening to the conversation of my new acquaintance. He was a man of very fluent expression, and possessed a wonderful fund of information on scores of topics not ordinarily discussed by men who occupied log cabins in the mountains. While wondering who this odd character could be I heard a monotonous noise in the next room, and I certainly thought I heard the familiar sound of someone rapidly folding papers.

My ear did not deceive me, for in a few moments a pleasant-faced little girl appeared and handed my companion a paper which he at once passed over to



VIEW OF MISSOULA, MONTANA.

me. It was damp from the press, and I read the title:
THE MANGANETUS INDEX.

"By industry we thrive." Devoted to the material interests of Manganetus. Subscription \$5 per annum, payable in advance.

My host smiled as he handed me the paper.

"Then the town is here?" I said. "Let me go to the hotel; the Slavin house, I believe. I do not desire to trespass upon the hospitality of a stranger."

"You will remain here, sir," he replied. "I blush to confess it, but this is the town of Manganetus, and this cabin is the only habitation for twenty miles."

I stared at the man in astonishment.

"You may well be puzzled," he continued. "But I will explain. There is a group of mines near here which certain capitalists of San Francisco are anxious to place upon the London market. They have hired me to advocate these mines, and it is part of my bargain to run my paper in such a way that the London readers will think that a large town is flourishing here. See?"

I nodded vaguely, and he went on:

"My imagination is not sluggish, and so I manufacture all I write. I leave no stone unturned to make the mythical city of Manganetus a live, bustling town. You will find in this issue a public meeting

called to discuss the question of a new bridge across a stream that exists only in the columns of the *Index*. Here is the wife of a prominent mining superintendent eloping with a member of the city council; here is a runaway team, knocking the smithereens out of a cigar store. You will note the advertisement of the cigar store in another column. Here is the killing of Texas Pete and the investigation of his death by a coroner's jury. The cause of the shooting was a dispute relative to the ownership of a mining location of fabulous richness. There is also in another portion of the paper a legal summons advertised calling on a co-owner (one of the principals in the affray) to do his assessment work or lose his interest. All my work dovetails nicely in, has a plausible look, and shows no flaw, yet it is all absolutely made of whole cloth."

"This is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," I said to him.

"This country is full of extraordinary things," he quietly replied.

"Where does this edition go?" I asked.

"Clara, bring me the mailing list."

I glanced over the list, and saw that it embraced the leading banking houses of London and New York, as well as the centers of finance and mining.

My own name was oddly enough on the list. About 100 copies were mailed, and every one went where it would do the most good.

I found that my friend edited the paper and did the type-setting, and his daughter was learning the art.

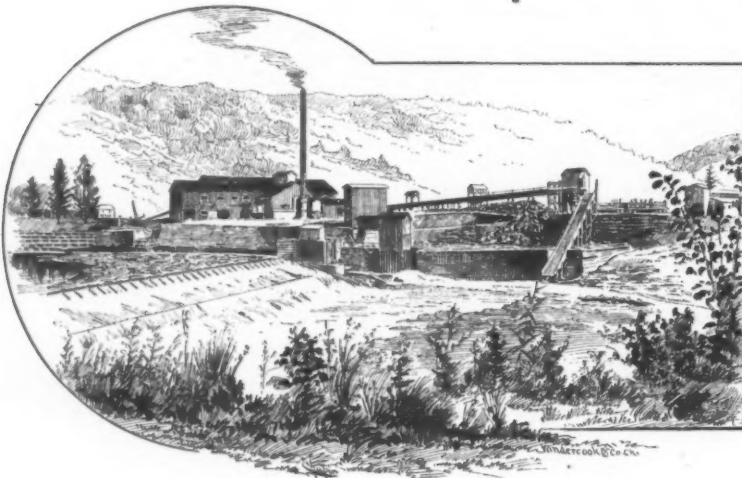
"I have no companions except my little daughter—and the town of Manganetus," he added, with a smile.

I passed a very comfortable night. The roar of the wind through the pines and the rocking of the cabin made a deliciously soothing effect, and I lay in the warm bed thinking and resting until morning before I slept.

My friend, the editor, was very talkative at breakfast. He never alluded to his name, but he told me more of the paper and the enjoyment he had in building up a town in the clouds from a purely imaginative basis.

"To-morrow," said he, "I start out on horseback to the nearest mail station, and leave my bundle of papers in the hollow of a tree until the mail buckboard comes along to take them."

"In a few weeks they are being read in London and New York, and the parties in each of these cities who are handling the sale of these mining properties are backed up handsomely by my editorial statements."



DAM AND WORKS OF THE BLACKFOOT MILLING & MANUFACTURING CO.,
NEAR MISSOULA.

BEER AND WINE IN EUROPE.

Murat Halstead who has just returned from a European trip, writes as follows in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette:

Beer is forbidden in the usual "cures" at the German Springs, but invalids are in the habit of sampling a little of it as they come and go, and are likely to have a general idea of the quality thereof. To get along without it is really troublesome sometimes, for the water is largely bad, even dangerous, and one cannot be quite sure even of seltzer and other bottled waters. Chemical analysis has shown more than once that polluted water was used in seltzers and sodas. It may be employed in manufacturing beer, also, but public opinion is powerful against the water and in favor of beer, and hard to resist—especially where milk is scarce. From the experience with those whom I was familiar I feel able to say that the average beer in Berlin is no better than that of Cincinnati and Milwaukee. It is apt to be too light or

too heavy, but the Bavarian beer has a good reputation of its own, which I believe is justified. The price of beer is nearly equal in Germany to what it is in America, and they know even in Berlin and at the railway stations how to fill the glasses with froth. The price of beer in Germany is from fifteen to thirty pfennigs per glass. The German champagne is, by the Germans themselves, admitted to be inferior to the French. It is slightly acidulous, and the doctors do not seem to be of the judgment that there is danger that invalids will drink too much of it, for only in special cases is it forbidden. One of the surprises is since we are speaking of the fluids that show their color in the cup and move themselves aright and are otherwise seductive, that the price of champagne is about the same in France that it is in the United States. A friend paid eighteen francs for a bottle of champagne on the Eiffel and assured me there was nothing extraordinary about it except that it happened to be rather dry and he had to have it because it was good to go with roast chicken. It is the fashion in

France to drink sweet champagne, and in England to take it dry. The consummate thing at a French dinner is for the servants pouring the champagne to carry a bottle with a napkin about its neck in each hand, and to ask, before filling a glass, "Sweet or dry?" The legend goes that the dry article assimilates with chicken in France and terrapin in America.

MY GUN.

With perfect lines from butt to sight,
Damascus barrels, twelve in gauge,
That shine within like mirrors bright,
A triumph of this latter age;
Gnarled walnut wood the solid stock
And smoother than your finger nail,
Extension rib, rebounding lock,
And balanced like a truthful scale.

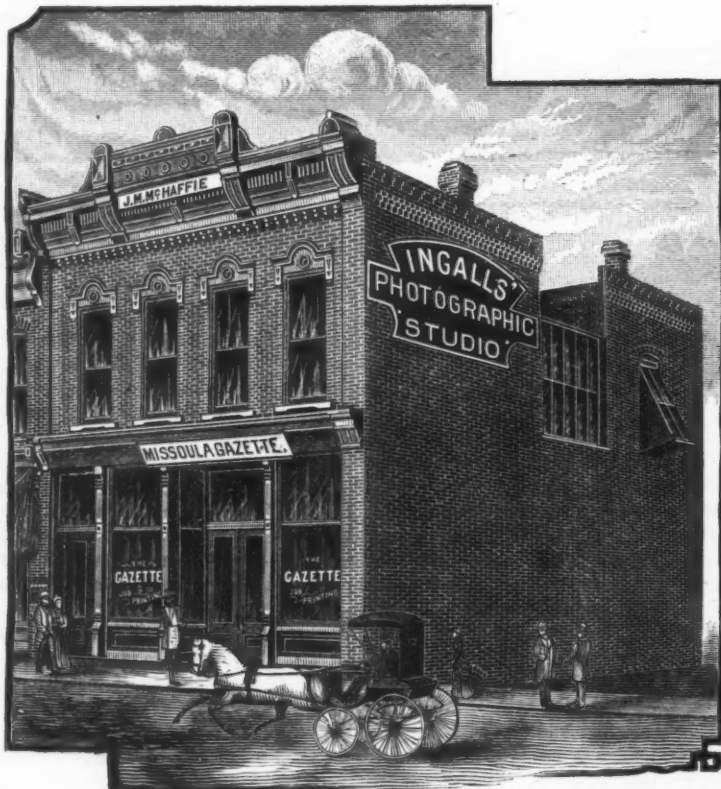
No fine engraving tracery shown
On locks or barrels, for the vain;
A weapon for its worth alone.
A beauty, yet severely plain;
Top snap and action, as you see,
And corrugated buckhorn tip;
As finished as an arm should be
From muzzle through to pistol grip.

A trusty comrade, this old gun,
And certain, if you hold it right,
To drop the jacksnipe one by one,
Or stop a mallard in his flight;
To bring to earth the woodcock where
In swampy covert up he springs,
Or send far up in crispy air
The death hall, where the wild goose wings.

Let folly's votaries fill her train,
And chirping poets feebly rhyme;
In dingy holes, for wordly gain
Let stooping gray beards weep their prime;
Let hermits prose in doleful moods;
And bookworms in dry volumes delve;
Give me the rivers, lakes, and woods,
My freedom and the "number twelve."

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

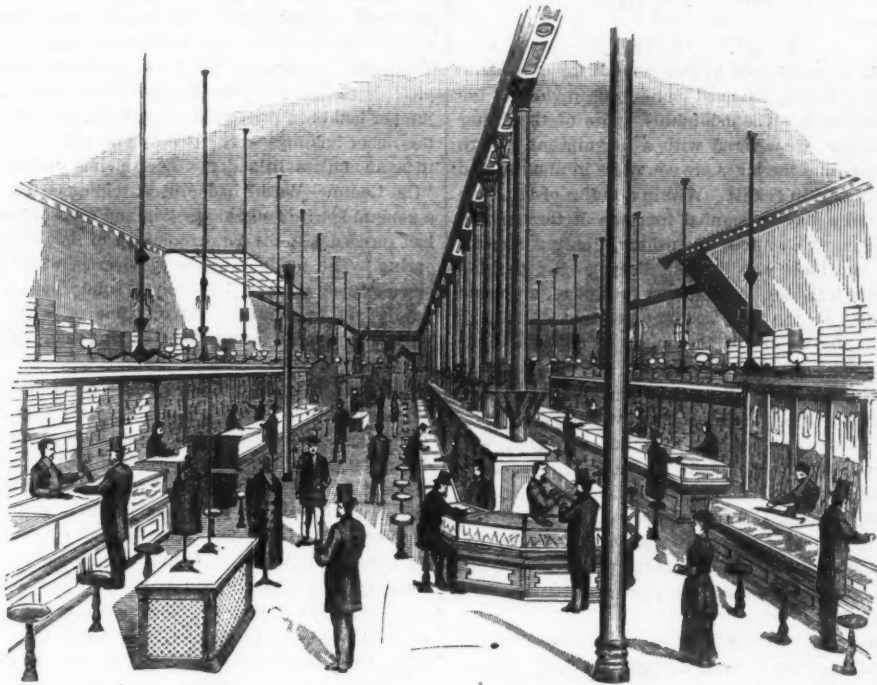
Lake Chelan is the largest body of fresh water in the State of Washington. It covers an area of sixty-five square miles and its average width is a mile and a half. A beautiful townsite overlooking the lake has just been located at a point on the Chelan River near its outlet. Lake Chelan is becoming a famous rendezvous for tourists.



MISSOULA.—ROBERTS BLOCK. THE GAZETTE BLOCK.

RICHES OF THE COEUR D'ALENE.

Westward from the summit of the Bitter Root Mountains to the eastern boundary of the Kootenai Country, and from the southern drainage slope of the St. Joe Valley to the Coeur d'Alene Mountains on the north, comprises the great mining section of Shoshone County, known as the Coeur d'Alene, the greatest lead producing region in the United States. The developed and working mines of the Coeur d'Alene at the present time are mainly on the South Fork and its tributaries. There are ten concentrators, of an average capacity each of 100 tons daily, now in operation along this line. Three of them, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, the Emma and Last Chance, and the Stenwinder, being at Wardner. On Canyon Creek there are five—the Poorman, the Tiger, the San Francisco, the Gem and the Granite, while the town of Mullan, five miles west from the Montana line, has two, the Hunter and the Morning. These mills produce 70,000 tons of concentrates per annum, containing an average of thirty ounces of silver and sixty per cent. of lead, to which must be added not less than 45,000 tons of selected ore sacked and shipped from the mines, averaging forty ounces of silver and sixty per cent. of lead; and this entire output, aggregating a cash value of \$9,030,000 on the market sale of ninety cents for silver and four cents for lead, averages the mine-owners of the Coeur d'Alene, over all expenses of freight, treatment and percentage of loss, a clear profit of from \$25 to \$30 per ton; and the present development of other properties on the same mineral belts assure the belief that another two years will double the number of mills and the production of ores and concentrates. Along the South Fork, in consequence of this great output of mineral wealth, have grown a number of beautiful and flourishing towns, some of which will quickly assume metropolitan proportions with the completion of the railroads now building, and which



MISSOULA.—INTERIOR VIEW IN HENNESSY MERCANTILE CO.'S ESTABLISHMENT.

by the shortening of the distance and the unusually attractive and picturesque features of the country, will bring much of the transcontinental travel through the valleys of the Coeur d'Alene, and at the same time afford such increased facilities for transportation as will greatly increase the product of the mines now operating, and encourage the full development of the thousand valuable mineral prospects now lying dormant.—*Oregonian*.

For the information of a misinformed public the *Financier* calls attention to the fact that after trying electricity for several years Richmond, Va., has gone back to the old method of horse locomotion. From San Francisco papers it is learned that at Los Angeles, where electricity has been given a thorough trial, the roads are being restored to the horse and the cable. In financial circles the electric road is not yet regarded as a paying investment.

J. ROBERTS

Is one of Missoula's most enterprising business men. He owns the block in which his store is located, also several other desirable business places. This gentleman thoroughly understands the conducting of such a business as that in which he is at present engaged, and has at all times and under all circumstances lent his energy and talent to the development of Missoula's best interests. He is now waiting for an opportunity to sell out and retire from the mercantile business, and devote his time to the further development of his real estate in Missoula. He was one of those who years ago saw the germ of a great metropolis in the then modest confines of the city limits, and spurred on by this confidence and mental activity has done wisely and well. During his stay in Missoula, Mr. Roberts has won the confidence and esteem of a wide acquaintance, and his business is in a flourishing and satisfactory condition. With his vast and varied experience acquired as the years rolled on, he has been enabled to place his establishment on an unrivalled plane of excellence. Vastly in its favor is its splendid and central location on the best business portion of Higgins Avenue. Mr. Roberts is a gentleman of cultivated taste and refined feelings; reliable and vigilant in all his business relations, and well merits the success attendant upon his energy and perseverance.

FRED C. STODDARD.

FRANK D. LOW.

STODDARD & LOW,

PROPRIETORS OF

LOW'S ADDITION to the City of MISSOULA.

Country and City Property Bought and Sold on Commission.

Correspondence solicited.

STODDARD & LOW,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents,

MISSOULA, MONT.

I. S. G. VAN WART,

Missoula, - - Montana,

REAL ESTATE, Loans and Investments.

The Improvements now under way are of the most substantial character.

There is not a store or dwelling in the City for rent.

OFFICE:

TIMES BLOCK,

MAIN STREET.

AN IDAHO "ANTIGONE."

BY JAMES L. ONDERDONK.

What is commonly known as the Cœur d'Alene country is among the most picturesque regions of the far Northwest. The mountains, spurs of the Bitter Root Range, are covered with a magnificent growth of timber, and the lakes are countless in number and indescribable in beauty. Within a radius of less than seven miles may be counted fourteen of these mountain tarns, the sources of rushing, roaring streams which cut their way through deep gorges, dashing down the hillsides, leaping over precipices, all bound ultimately for the same destination—that of helping to swell the waters of the mighty Columbia in its triumphant journey to the sea.

The largest lake in the neighborhood is the Pend d'Oreille, which possesses an interest altogether apart from its natural scenery. Father de Smet, who penetrated that region half a century ago, solemnly asseverates in his Letters that it was near that lake that the "Blessed Virgin appeared in person to a little Indian boy, whose youth, piety and sincerity, say the good fathers, joined to the nature of the fact which he related, forbade us to doubt the truth of his statements."

However skeptical a more prosaic generation may be regarding this legend, it must be admitted that a more beautiful spot could hardly be found for the performance of a miracle. The lake is of irregular shape, about sixty miles in length, with a width varying from three to fifteen miles. It is in reality a widening of Clark's Fork of the Columbia, and winds its picturesque way among the wood-covered mountains, which rise up from its shores in a never ending panorama of beautiful surprises. Its waters are almost as clear and transparent as the sky itself.

Hardly less beautiful are the waters of its sister lake, Cœur d'Alene, a name now thoroughly familiar to the mining world. On the river of the same name, a few miles above its mouth, still stands the old Mission Chapel built many years ago. It is a rude structure of wood, sixty feet long, nearly fifty feet wide and about thirty feet high. Two or three Jesuit priests and a few Indians were two years completing it. We are told that a saw, an auger, an axe and an old jack plane were their only tools, and not a nail was used in its construction. Here more than a generation since, from the heart of the Cœur d'Alene forests, daily ascended the *Ave Maria*, and the wondering natives gathered at the Angelus amid the sombre solitudes of the overshadowing mountain peaks.

The recent invasion of railways has quite exorcised from this charmed region the spirit of poetry, and the virgin soil is now scarred and torn by the relentless prospector in his search for gold. But the landscape still retains much of its original beauty. Modern life in the Cœur d'Alene region, with its restless activity, its feverish mining spirit, its transient towns and its ever present saloons and gambling dens, presents a strange contrast to the alien nomenclature and religious atmosphere wafted down by the traditions of the early Jesuit fathers. It is to the present epoch, however, and not to the shadowy past, that the reader's attention is invited.

It was on a bright morning in early summer a few years since, when a group of men might have been seen on the river bank opposite the old Mission Chapel already mentioned. The rays of the rising sun were gilding the crests of the mountains with that peculiarly brilliant arched light for which the English language has no name. The Indians called it *E-dah-hoe*, which the white men have metamorphosed into Idaho, a name first applied to a mountain, and afterward to a territory at large.

The members of the party referred to concerned themselves little just then with the beauties of nature. They were miners from Eagle City, an ephemeral mining camp, which far up in the mountains had aspired for existence, fluttered its wings for a brief period, and then collapsed in utter despair, its trade and business having been monopolized by a more

successful rival. At this time it had already passed its zenith of prosperity. Its outlook was gloomy. Crime was frequent and retributive justice slow. The quartz ledges had not been developed, and the yield of the placers was disappointing. The claim-jumper had been present in large force, and many of the richer holdings were "tied up" in what promised to be an endless litigation. Few claims outside the "Old Channel Wash" had proved remunerative, and a general spirit of dissatisfaction and even bitterness had succeeded to the over-confidence of the preceding spring. The really valuable discoveries which have since placed Cœur d'Alene on a solid footing had hardly yet been made. At the time of which we write more people seemed to be leaving than entering the new gold fields.

The party camped on Cœur d'Alene River evidently did not belong to the class of nomadic prospectors. Their expressions and conversation betokened a fixed determination of carrying out their project, whatever it might be. The men were, in fact, a deputy sheriff and a volunteer posse, intent upon overtaking a fugitive. The latter had been tracked thus far and the pursuers felt certain of snaring their game.

On the preceding morning an old and popular prospector named Nick Williams had been murdered in his cabin, a short distance from Eagle City. He had been known to possess a large amount of "dust," the result of a recent clean-up from the sluices. But neither this nor his six-shooter, a weapon of peculiar workmanship well known in the camp, could be found. Simultaneously with the discovery of the death of Wilkins, his partner, Tom Jordan, had disappeared. A bitter feud had existed between the two partners for some time, and circumstances pointed conclusively to Tom Jordan as the guilty party.

Poor Tom had never been especially well liked in camp. He mingled little with his fellows and was generally regarded as too reticent and morose for pleasant companionship, though all were willing to concede him due credit for the pains he took in the nurture of his young sister Jenny. The latter's education, indeed, was chiefly such as could be gathered from forest scenes. The "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," were her sole literature, and the good in everything in nature appealed with ready sympathy to her untrained, but receptive intelligence. She regarded her brother's smattering of book-learning with a feeling of awe due to some almost superhuman accomplishment. But she loved her brother with all the ardor of her fresh young spirit.

On the evening before the murder had been discovered, Tom returned to his cabin somewhat later than usual. Jenny's practiced eye instantly detected something different from his customary manner.

"What is it, Tom?" she asked, hurriedly.

"Nothing, Sis, only Nick and I have made up and become friends again. But it was thought we'd better separate. So I sold out all my interest to him for the last clean-up as the price. See, he made me a present of his six-shooter, too. It was the best thing he had, and he wanted we should part friends."

Jenny hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry at the news. She had always had unbounded confidence in her brother's ability to make a fortune out of the claim, and had built many an air castle on her dreams of what they should do when rich.

"I've been thinkin', Sis," Tom continued, after a pause, "that I'd try my hand at ranchin'. I'm gettin' fearfully tired of this kind of life, and thought I'd take a spin over into Washington and see what I can do. I'll be back in a few days and let you know what kind of luck I have. What do you think of it?"

"I don't like it at all," was the sharp answer. "I know I'll hate ranching and everything about it. Oh, Tom," she added, almost pathetically, "don't let's leave the mountains. I shouldn't know how to live on a ranch."

Her brother only laughed at her, and assured her that she would think differently when she had seen a little more of the world.

Tom was as good as his word. By sunrise he was off with his pony and his pack-horse, bound for the

Farmington Country, taking with him the pistol which Nick had given him, as well as the little buckskin bag filled with coarse, glittering sand.

A few hours after this departure the camp was all astir with the news of Nick Wilkins' murder. Tom's cabin, of course, was among the first to be searched. In a frightened voice Jenny told all she knew, confident of her brother's innocence. "But say," she added in a tone of suppressed feeling, "You don't accuse Tom of such a thing, do you? Why, if you'll only wait a few days he'll be back here to tell his own story."

The men withdrew in silence. None of them doubted Jenny's good faith, but all agreed in considering Tom's story to her a flimsy ruse to disarm suspicion. After a brief consultation it was decided to pursue him, and, if necessary, to set a salutary example to the disreputable characters that for months had been infesting the camp.

Jennie kept a sharp lookout upon the movements of these men, and when she saw them enter the forest trail for the river her quick wits immediately divined the object. She knew that their course would be to take a batteau down the river, and then to strike southwestward from the lake. Keeping her own counsel she quickly got together a few provisions, and saddled her mustang, determined, if possible, to overtake her brother, and warn him of his danger. The trail, though shorter than the river route, was obscure and in many places rough and steep. Her progress was necessarily slow. While still some distance from the Mission, darkness had already set in, and to her dismay she found that her pony's strength was giving out. A few hours' rest was absolutely essential, both for herself and her animal.

By midnight she had resumed her toilsome journey, reaching the Mission not long after the men had left. She recognized the signs of a recent camp, and intuitively felt the futility of trying to overtake her brother in advance of his pursuers. Still, she pressed timorously on, her feelings alternating between hope and fear.

Suddenly a sound reached her ear that made her heart sink. It was that of a rifle shot followed by a sharp, quick cry of pain. She was near the mouth of the river, and a short turn in the trail showed through the clearing a scene which will abide in her memory to her dying day.

On the shore of the lake, so close to the water that the ripples laved his hand, lay the prostrate form of Tom Jordan, his features already rigid and covered with blood. The men were standing irresolutely about, and seemed almost panic-stricken, as they beheld the frenzied girl sweeping down on them like an avenging nemesis.

Flinging herself on the sand by her dead brother's side, she covered her face with her hands, moaning in the exquisite agony of her grief but never shedding a tear. "Tom," at last she said tenderly, "Dear Tom, don't you know me? I'm Sis."

The men turned away. They had not prepared themselves for any such scene.

"Oh, Tom, Tom, what would poor mother say if she knew. She always said you was a little wild, but she never dreamed of such an end as this. I know you was innocent, Tom. If you could only speak, I think you could make them believe it." Then, as if moved by a sudden reaction of feeling, she turned upon her brother's slayers, exclaiming in the intensity of her passion: "Fiends! Don't you know you've killed an innocent man. And if there's a God in heaven—"

"Come, come, gal," interrupted one of the men "We hated to do it, and we'll do anything we can for you. He was clearly guilty, you know, and showed fight. He resisted an officer and one or other of us had to drop. The proof against him was too plain. Justice had to be done, even if we had to take the law in our own hands. But he's given his life for the one he took, and that's all any one could ask."

"I tell you, you're wrong," screamed the despairing girl. "He was as innocent as any of you. Don't talk to me about your law and your justice. He was

always good and kind to me. I don't know how you men are about such things," she added in a low tone, while her face seemed illumined with an inspiration arising from the intensity of her grief. "I only know that in such cases I must feel for others, not prejudice them."

No one made any answer. Sullenly the men withdrew, leaving the girl alone with her dead. In silent majesty the mountains looked down upon the two figures, mourner and mourned, just as we may imagine the hills of Attica centuries ago to have looked down upon a similar sight, when ill-starred Antigone defied her brother's slayers. The language of the pure emotions is universal. Surely no higher tribute could be paid to the subtle insight of the most refined of the Greek tragedians than this unconscious echoing of the sentiment accredited to a heroine who for ages has been recognized as the truest type of feminine duty. The poor unlearned child of the frontier, who had never even heard the Grecian maiden's name, doubtless suffered as poignant a sorrow as was imputed to her prototype of a hundred generations ago. It is not extraordinary that her feelings should find similar expression.

The men resumed their homeward journey. Ascending a lofty eminence and looking backward, they beheld the girl still seated by the shore of the beautiful lake, clasping her dead brother to her breast, with no voices to comfort her save those of the whispering pines, and the gentle ripples as they broke upon the beach.—*America.*

WORK IN A MOUNTAIN ASCENT.

Dr. J. Buchheister has calculated the amount of energy to be expended by a person weighing 168 pounds in climbing a peak 7,000 feet high, the time occupied being five hours. He finds that the total work done is equal to that of raising 1,380,000 pounds one foot, or one pound 1,380,000 feet. Of this work,

1,176,000 foot-pounds is expended by the muscles of the legs in lifting the body; 120,000 by the heart in circulating the blood; 30,000 by the chest in breathing, and 54,000 in the various exertions of balancing the body, overcoming friction of the ground, etc.

ARMY CANTEENS.

The establishment of army canteens at all army posts by order of Secretary Proctor has sounded the death knell of the post trader. Under the canteen system the government furnished to co-operate clubs of enlisted men the use of the buildings, clerks and a commissioned officer to supervise the management. Fuel and light are also provided free of charge. Liquors, wines and beer, together with tobacco and such other articles as the soldiers may desire are kept on sale at a minimum cost, and billiard and card rooms are provided for the amusement of those who may desire to use them. The profits resulting from the enterprise are divided among the companies, troops and batteries at the end of each stated period and go toward increasing the company fund through which the mess, or the bill of fare of the men, is rendered more palatable by purchases outside of the rations allowed by the government.

It has been found that the arrangement promotes temperance among the soldiers, while it protects them in other ways from the greed of the post trader. It is a recognition of the co-operative system by the administration, and the opportunity it affords the soldiers for saving more of their small wages tends to make them more contented.

The post traders may, with justice, be indemnified by the government for the loss of their buildings and other property which are rendered valueless by this practical abolition of their business. The secretary admits the justice of their demand, and Congress will probably be asked to make an appropriation for that purpose.

THIS IS WASHINGTON.

This is Washington: Ideal climate; taxes moderate; society the best; fruit unexcelled; farmers prosperous; deep and fertile soil; rapidly growing cities; natural drainage perfect; no longer a frontier State; a great cattle raising region; railroad mileage 1,700 miles; little unfit for something; churches and schools everywhere; cities and towns rich and prosperous; have good home market for live stock; honest and efficient local government; streams and rivers in all parts of the State; native grasses the most luxuriant in the world; raise the most and finest timothy hay per acre; summers mild; winter exceedingly short and pleasant; smallest per cent of illiteracy of any State in the Union; on the route of the principal continental railway; the most healthful region in the Union; pure and bracing air; the finest Indian summers to be enjoyed anywhere in the world.—*Roy Ray.*

Those who mourn over ill fate double the strain upon their lives. They magnify a scratch as a wound; a slight as an injury; a jest as an insult; a slight danger as a great peril; and then a slight illness frequently ends in death by brooding and fear.

Washington's Birthday.

The natal day of the founder of this great republic is not as fully observed as it should be, owing to the fact, perhaps, that republics, as in the time of Rome's best days, are ungrateful. Our popular idols do not endure; we grow away from them too rapidly, because we are continually fashioning new state deities out of the legislative material in hand. But this should not be, especially in so far as Washington is concerned, for to forget him is equivalent to forgetting our parents. Let all true patriots, then, give at least a thought to him and always take the St. Paul & Duluth—the Duluth Short Line—which makes quick time between Duluth, West Superior and the Twin Cities, on a schedule that affords close connections for other important points. Write for circulars and time tables. Address A. B. Plough, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

ANACORTES,

The Coming City on the Great Estuary. The Key to the Gates of Puget Sound. The Ideal Haven for Fleets of all Nations. Great Natural Advantages Possessed by the City.

Recognizing the absolute necessity of the establishment of a city at the very Portals of Puget Sound, which in point of topographical situation, wealth of resource of a back country, methods of ingress and egress by land and sea that cannot be excelled by any portion of the globe, Washington men of means who see the wealth in store for them, while they note the benefit sure to accrue to their chosen State by the project, have banded together and founded just such a city. Absolutely essential requisites to the attainment of supremacy by a seaport metropolis are: First; proximity to the ocean, the craft that steam and sail which go to build up, enrich and sustain the port. Second; from a topographical standpoint, a situation favorable to the receipt within its municipal boundaries of the products of the territory for which its purposes being the outlet. Third; a first class harbor which the merchant marine of the world may enter and rest at anchor upon in safety; the best of wharf facilities. Fourth; area enough suitable for the speedy transaction of business peculiar to a seaport metropolis situated directly about both wharves and harbor. Last, but by no means least, sufficient back country in its vicinage to sustain it in those certain seasons of the year termed "dull" and quiet periods by those who derive a livelihood by the handling of the products of a country, and those for which these products are bartered by the outer world.

Do the principal ports of Puget Sound possess these essential requisites?

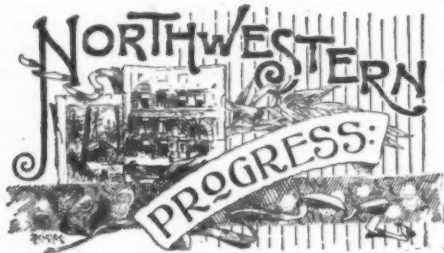
This is the question now being asked. Careful investigation has revealed the fact to many of the wealthiest, most influential and enterprising residents of the Sound Country of Washington that they do not. Evidently, some few years ago, others had the same idea, for dozens of seaport metropolises have been mapped out, and other sites built upon. But they, too, it would seem have fallen short in the attainment of the object their founders desired of them. But, out on the Sound coast, away towards the sea, and on a site the borders of which may be more speedily and easily attained by the ships of the seas, than those of the Sound's great cities of to-day may ever be, will be located Washington's future port of entry, the city of the State that may be termed the Key that opens the gate to her interior, through which will pass to all parts of the globe her products and through which must come the trade of all nations.

ANACORTES AND WHERE IT IS.

With unrivaled harbor facilities, with enough to accommodate any number of people, with a situation commanding the sea and the Sound and the vast do-

main of Washington, easy of access either by rail or sea, in short possessed of every natural advantage imaginable, the site selected might well be the scene of a future great municipality. That it will be there can be no gainsaying. The company who own this admirable site are hard at work on the preliminaries necessary in making of it a city second to none on the Northwest Coast. Maps of Puget Sound and the country adjacent thereto are as numerous now as flowers in May. Look at one of them. Find Seattle and cast your eye along the map almost directly north from the city. It will traverse the rich country as delineated on the map intervening until the name *Anacortes* is noted. You will then be looking at a town on the extreme northeastern point of Fidalgo Island, that beautiful and productive Eden, "the pride of the Sound," your eye according to the map scale, will then have traversed a distance of sixty-three miles. For *Anacortes*, the future seaport of the State is that far away from the Queen City, and almost that distance nearer the ocean. The Oregon Improvement Company has taken the initiative in developing the future city from a railroad standpoint. Its graded road from *Anacortes* to the Skagit Country is now completed a distance of twenty-five miles. The iron for the road is now on hand in the company's yards and it will be shipped to *Anacortes* just as soon as the dock is finished. That the Oregon Improvement Company intends to push its railway enterprise with all possible vigor is evidenced by the fact that 90,000 ties for the road have been already contracted for and part delivered on the ground. This road will be known as the Seattle & Northern Railway and will tap one of the richest mineral and agricultural as well as lumbering sections of the State of Washington.

The association of business men of wealth directly interested in the future of *Anacortes* is what is known as the J. F. McNaught Land and Investment Company. This company was formed with a capital stock of \$400,000, especially for the purpose of seeing *Anacortes* made the commercial center of Puget Sound. J. F. McNaught is President, and N. F. McNaught Secretary. Its board of Directors are the following named and well known citizens of Seattle. J. F. McNaught, N. F. McNaught and James McNaught. While the McNaught Land and Investment Company owns the cream of *Anacortes* property, it has at heart the interests of the whole municipality. The Company's offers to investors and home-seekers desiring to become possessed of *Anacortes* property will be found very reasonable, while their prices will be scaled in strict accord with a conservative estimate of the actual worth of their property.



North Dakota.

CONGRESSMAN HANSBROUGH has introduced a bill asking for \$500,000 to build locks and dams in the Red River of the North, to facilitate navigation and irrigate the low lands.

THE North Dakota Millers' association reports that forty carloads of flour are on the way to London, of which seven have been sold to arrive, and that fifty carloads more are ready to go. The London agent expects to make sales rapidly when the quality of this new importation is established. There is in England a practically unlimited market for North Dakota unmixed hard-wheat flour, when its status on the market is clearly defined.

The Brush Electric Company of Cleveland, Ohio, the pioneer lighting company of the world, have opened a branch office at No. 607 New York Life Insurance Building, St. Paul, and have appointed Mr. Irwin J. Beaumont their agent for Minnesota and the Dakotas. Estimates for plants, either Arc, Incandescence, or Alternating, for the territory named will hereafter be furnished from the St. Paul office, and the company's many friends in the Northwest will kindly bear this in mind. The Brush has more plants in the Northwest than any other company.

Two of the employees of the E & C Cattle Co., made New England City their headquarters while hunting stray horses for two days this week. At an interview with our reporter, they said their company have between 7,000 and 8,000 head of cattle, on the range which they occupy southeast of Slim buttes; that they never feed any during the winter, and seldom lose any on that account. In 1886-7 they did lose some stock, but that was an unusually hard winter, not liable to occur again in many years. This company breed their own stock entirely.—*New England City Sentinel*.

THE STOCK BUSINESS PAYS.—George Clark of the firm of Moody & Clark, stockmen, whose ranch is situated at South Heart, about twenty miles distance from New England City, was in town recently. At an interview with our reporter he made, substantially, the following statement: "I came from Nova Scotia about nine years ago, possessed of \$1,000. Before I had decided upon any particular branch of business to engage in or had any experience in the stock business my money was nearly all gone, spent foolishly, as I can now see. Then with the few dollars I had left, I decided to go into the cattle business. This was four years ago. I managed to buy two cows, but was quite unable to buy a pony, or even a saddle. I herded my stock on foot and worked out when the opportunity offered and every dollar I got, not absolutely necessary for my expenses, I put into stock. Mr. Moody, who is a half brother of mine, joined me in the business, and then one worked out while the other herded the stock. We always put up a little hay to feed in bad weather, and so had no losses. We have now 114 head of cattle and twenty-five horses, a first rate ranch and plenty of good farm machinery, and will not sell our plant for \$5,000. I am going to Minnesota to buy a carload of yearlings, and then will go to Nova Scotia to visit old friends who I have not seen for nine years."—*New England City Sentinel*.

Montana.

THE track of the Elkhorn branch of the Northern Pacific has been laid for a distance of about twelve miles from Boulder.

THE Billings Water Power & Electric Light Company has finally placed its new machinery in running order, and everything that goes to make up a first-class water and light plant can now be found within the company's buildings down by the banks of the Yellowstone. Besides the power improvements added is a new dynamo whereby it is intended to supply the city with double the electric lights that the company has heretofore been able to supply.

A. A. CAMPBELL has just returned from a short trip to the Flathead Valley in the interests of the *Stock Journal* and reports a most prosperous condition of affairs in that beautiful natural garden. The valley is being rapidly settled up, there being now over 400 families settled there. The towns are very prosperous and the lumbering interests, which are the leading ones, are becoming very extensive. A great deal of attention will be paid to agriculture the coming season and the advantages of this section are the finest in the State. The merchants in

Demersville, Hgan and Ashley all report a splendid trade this fall and winter and anticipate a great improvement the coming year. The people are looking for a railroad through the Flathead Country in the spring, and then a boom.—*Helena Stock Journal*.

CAPT. J. D. TAYLOR, of Great Falls, has a contract with the Fish Commission to put nine millions of fish in the Missouri River. He has already put in six millions, consisting of black bass, ring perch, a species of bass called croppies, speckled brook trout and sunfish. Two car loads of these were bass which would average a half pound in weight. They were put into the Missouri River at the mouth of Sun River. Some fish will be put in the same river at Three Forks the coming summer.

ABOUT 120 men are working over the old ground in the famous Alder Gulch, Montana, which yielded \$75,000,000 in gold in 1863-4-5. The early day work was done by sluicing, but the miners then were good judges of ground, for the men now make more out of the old ground than the patches which were left. The gulch was originally divided up into 100-foot claims, but now many claims are owned by one person. The gulch has been worked for fifteen miles. At the upper end the gold is coarse, and some nuggets worth from \$600 to \$700 have been found. The lower eight miles of the gulch yield gold that is comparatively fine, a nugget of \$7 or \$8 being a rarity.

A COLONY FOR CUSTER COUNTY.—A boom is in store for Ekalaka, Custer County, Montana. A man from Dayton, Ohio, has been looking for a location for a colony. The location settled is at the mouth of H S Creek and on the east side of Beaver Creek, says the *Stockgrowers' Journal*. The land will be bought from the Government and the colonists will come and go to work in the spring. The colony, which is large, will consist of men of different trades. They have a grocer, butcher, doctor, blacksmith, machinist, wagon maker, carpenter, shoemaker, stonemason and many farmers. They will bring all kinds of implements and machinery with them to do all of the work of the community with. They will also bring some fine bred horses and cattle. They will put a sawmill where there is plenty of good timber, thus making their own building materials.

MONTANA CORN.—Dawson County ranks second in the list of the corn producing counties of Montana and while the number of acres nor the amount of bushels are not numerous or large, still it is a "pointer." During the year 1889 there was only eighty acres of corn raised in the whole of Montana outside of the Yellowstone Valley, while that section had 1,900 acres producing 90,985 bushels, making an average of a little more than forty-seven bushels to the acre, while the general average for the United States is only twenty-six bushels per acre. It must be recollected that last year was the dryest ever known in the Yellowstone Valley, and when this fact is taken into consideration the "pointer" becomes a strong argument in favor of this crop, and of the adaptability of both soil and climate to its production. While Montana will in all probability never become a corn exporting State, yet the hog grows and flourishes with that crop, and in the future Montana pork may become as celebrated as its beef now is.—*Glendive Independent*.

GENERAL HENRY B. CARRINGTON, the special agent appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to secure the consent of Chief Carlos and other Flathead Indians to the sale of their lands in the Bitter Root Valley and their removal to the Reservation, has fully accomplished his trust. The written consent under seal was secured from every patentee, Carlos included, and every adult heir of deceased patentees. By proceedings in the District Court, on the relations of the United States, conducted by the general in person, who is a member of the United States Supreme Bar, as well as a soldier, guardians were appointed for minor heirs and their consent made of record. Every tract of land was visited and appraisal was made of buildings, fences and other improvements on every tract. The land will be opened for settlement as soon as the papers at Washington are completed and a date fixed for the sale. The lands are situated in the townships 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, in ranges 19, 20 and 21, embracing many tracts through which the Northern Pacific Railroad passes, the southern portion of Bass brothers' famous fruit ranch, and other tracts which have been under cultivation by settlers. More than 1,000 acres, including some of the best, are within a mile and one-half of Stevensville, in Missoula County. The land will be sold at auction, the price ranging from \$3 to \$50 per acre, and not later than March 10, 1890, in order to give those buying ranches an opportunity to till them the same spring of purchase.

Idaho.

THE Northern Pacific line building westward from Missoula, will reach the Coeur d'Alene mining towns about July next.

A three-fifths interest in the Weber Group of mines on the south side of Lake Pend d'Oreille was lately sold to San Francisco and Spokane parties for \$60,000.

THE Potlatch Country will attract a large immigration this year. It is a fine region for general farming, stock-raising and fruit-growing.

LEWISTON has good prospects of a railroad this year. Both the Northern Pacific and the Hunt System have marked it down as an objective point.

Until the census of 1890 is taken the exact population of Idaho cannot be arrived at. The report of Gov. Shoup, however estimates it as closely as possible until the census is taken. He places the total population at 113,777, by counties as follows: Ada, 11,275; Alturas, 3,300; Bear Lake, 5,900; Bingham, 14,773; Boise 4,900; Cassia, 4,500; Custer, 4,900; Elmore, 4,500; Idaho, 2,879; Kootenai, 2,500; Latah, 11,230; Lemhi, 5,500; Logan, 6,300; Nez Perce, 5,200; Oneida, 6,900; Owyhee, 4,000; Shoshone, 9,500; Washington, 5,700. Total 113,777.

THE year past has not been an altogether prosperous one in "The Gem of the Mountains." Just when some of the mines of the Wood River was passing through the unproductive zone the great fire came and swept the chief town out of existence. In the North, because of uncompleted railroad connections and the importation of cheap lead ore, about the richest mining region in the world has been kept unproductive in a great measure, and these causes has had the effect to reduce the demand for labor and also to reduce the product of the mines. But both north and south the set-backs have been but temporary ones; they are but incidents; they will amount to no change of ultimate conditions. Despite these trials the general result of the year has been prosperity to the Territory. Immigrants have materially increased the population; a great many new acres have been brought under the plow; flocks and herds and harvest fields have increased; the traffic on the roads has been so great as to test the utmost capacity of the roads to handle it, and the mines have yielded generously, outside of the two localities noted above. And whatever backsets have been suffered during the year just closed, no Territory or State has more to hope for than Idaho. Here is the best watered region of all this interior, and as matters move in these swift, modern days it will be but a little time before that water will be scattered over the soil and then Idaho will have more good land under cultivation and will raise more from her soil than all New England. Then, too, when the waters shall be turned, power will be supplied to make a mighty manufacturing State; all the usual avocations of industrious Americans will be set in motion, and to the products of field and forge and shop and loom will be added a leaven of gold and silver which will vitalize trade and industry in every direction. Vital statistics show that the climate of Idaho is, if not the healthiest, at least as healthy as any other; many of her fruits excel those of California, no finer grains or vegetables ever grew in any region; at this moment no other region in the Union offers so many inducements to young and vigorous men, who through their labors hope to forge out fortunes for themselves as does Idaho.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

Washington.

THE Fairhaven Steel & Iron Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$2,000,000. The trustees are Nelson Bennett and M. F. Wilson. Its object is to construct and operate railroads and steamboats.

At the new town of Hamilton, on the upper Skagit, there is great excitement over the strike of a 14-foot solid vein of blacksmith coal, the first and only yet discovered on the Pacific Coast. The vein is owned chiefly by "bonanza" Mackay, of California.

HANAFORD VALLEY, Thurston County, according to the *Bucoda Enterprise*, is one of the richest in all Washington. It is from one to two miles wide, and about ten miles long. The Hanaford Creek runs through the center and gives good drainage. It was named by one of the settlers who lives at the head of the valley.

THE Garfield *Enterprise* says that the population of Whitman County has increased 2,389 between the years 1887 and 1889, and now numbers 15,281, larger by several thousand than any other county in the State, except Pierce, King and Spokane counties, containing the cities of Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane Falls.

THE Aberdeen *Herald*, on the subject of bees, says: G. B. Maris, of the Satsop, has been making an experiment in the bee culture the past season. He gave no special attention to the matter, leaving the bees free to manage their own industry. He has gathered from apiaries during the past season 6,000 pounds of excellent honey. Next year he proposes to see what can be done by devoting a little time and attention to the business.

SAYS the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*: The largest mortgage ever filed in King County was recently presented to the auditor by Manager McNeill of the Oregon Improvement Company. It is to secure the payment of \$15,000,000 loan from the Farmers' Loan & Trust Company of New York, and is to consolidate the \$5,000,000 indebtedness of

the company to make extensive improvements—among others, on doubt, the completion of the Ship Harbor or Seattle Northern Railroad, upon which work has just been resumed.

On a ranch near Sumner, says the *Herald*, are thirty-five acres of hops which are sold on contract for the next two years at a price that will amount to \$630 per acre, a net profit of over \$450 per acre. Ten acres of this farm are now being set to small fruits, and on account of the adaptability of the soil to grow them to perfection, it is not too much to say that each acre set to small fruits will yield a profit of \$600 annually.

The contract for 90,000 ties to be used by the Seattle & Northern Railroad on the twenty miles of road between Anacortes and Sedro was let December 18th to McKinzie & Gibbons. By the terms of the contract 20,000 must be delivered in the next thirty days, and at the rate of 20,000 per month thereafter. The steel rails which will be used on this twenty miles of road are now stored in Seattle. The road is to be finished and trains running by July 1, 1890, when it will begin the transportation of coal from the Oregon Improvement Company's mines on the Skagit River at the rate of 1,000 tons per day.

UNDER the shadows and beneath the roots of the great firs of the Cascades are vast stores of not only iron and lead but gold and silver. Almost every town in the northwest has one or more fine collections of minerals that have been gathered either by some curiosity-seeker or by an old miner whose instincts are so strong that he would stop on his way through St. Peter's gate to knock a piece of quartz loose. It is a fact that the Cascades have never been prospected. The coming season will find many men in them or else the signs of the times are valueless.—*Snohomish Eye*.

THE treaty has been signed by which 220,000 acres of the most valuable land of the Cœur d'Alene Reservation was conveyed to the United States. The tract conveyed embraces the largest portion of beautiful Cœur d'Alene Lake, and a large amount of rich mineral and fine timber land. The Indians were well satisfied on all points, and signed the treaty willingly. The papers signed were final for all the treaties—the one negotiated in 1887, and also the one of last August. The first treaty includes the land upon which Spokane Falls and Farmington, Washington, are located, and the land embraced in the last

treaty is a twelve-mile strip on the north side of the Cœur d'Alene Reservation, a portion of which lies across the Spokane River from Post Falls, twelve miles above Spokane Falls. For several months past boomers have been camping on the borders of the Reservation ready to move on as soon as the treaty has been consummated.

THE Ellensburg *Register* says: A sample of tin ore from the newly discovered mines in the Cascades above Green River, has been analyzed at Tacoma and shows eight per cent tin. The vein is reported to be a large one, with thousands of tons of ore in sight. Like the Veteran mine, the prospectors thought they had struck a coal vein, and only by closer examination found they had a vein of the richest tin ore in the world. Much of the tin ore of the Cornwall mines assay less than three per cent tin and some of the veins less than a foot in thickness, yet they are worked at a profit. Further developments will be made as soon as the weather will permit in the spring.

Does poultry raising pay in Washington? is a question often asked, and to settle it for this part of the state we give below the results of one year's work by E. W. Hughes and wife, a careful account of which was kept during the year 1889. On the first day of January they began with thirteen hens. They gathered therefrom ninety dozen eggs and raised 123 chickens, at a cost of \$21.05 for feed. They ate some fifty or sixty of the chicks and have the balance to commence the new year with. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes expect to raise five or six hundred chickens the coming spring and summer, and if they have good luck will no doubt do it. Yes, poultry raising pays in Washington.—*Roy Ray*.

THE territory embraced in what is known as the Big Bend, including Lincoln and Douglas counties, is the richest, most frugiferous, easiest worked and most spontaneous yielding of any in the entire state. As a wheat producing country it cannot be excelled. The yield is simply enormous, says the *Lincoln Times*, and will hardly be credited by those who have worked the prairies of the Mississippi Valley, and rejoiced if their average acreage reached eighteen bushels per acre. An average here of thirty-five or forty bushels is considered an ordinary yield. Sometimes the crop runs down to twenty and twenty-five bushels, as this year, and a hard season it has been on farmers too, and that is recorded an almost total failure.

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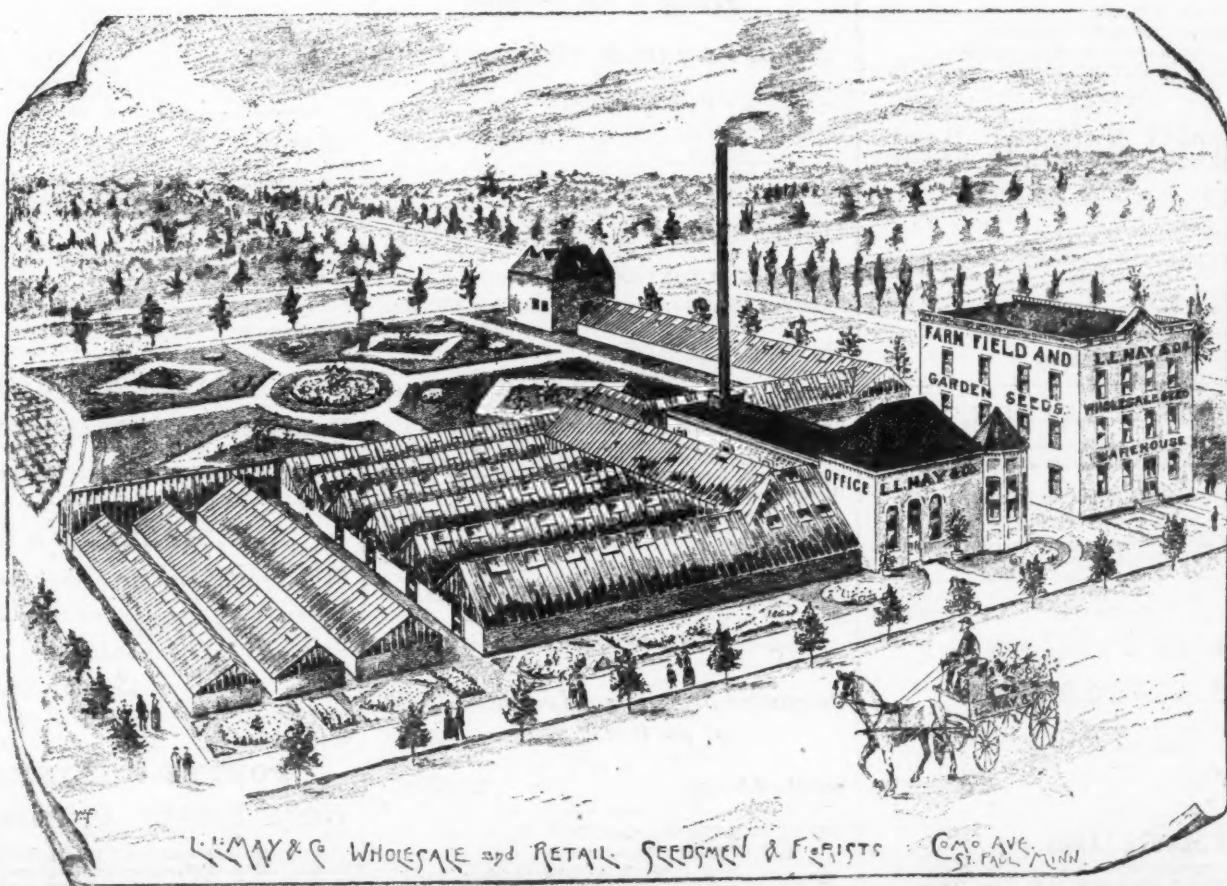
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He Had a Family.

In making final proof before the United States Land Office Judge Guichard, of Walla Walla, usually asks: "Have you a family?" Most of them answer in the affirmative but the other day he got hold of a man who had the biggest family on record. "Have you a family?" said the Judge, as he pulled down his vest. "Yes, sir," said the man somewhat confused. "What does it consist of?" continued Mr. Guichard. "Well," said the man, looking up towards the ceiling, so as to refresh his mind and give a true account, "a wife and twelve children, two married, a hired man, a gang plow, a seeder, a Bain wagon and a span of mules." "That's enough," said the Judge, with a smile, and the settler got his final papers without any further trouble.

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A NERVY LITTLE WOMAN.

Miss M. I. Norton, art instructor in St. Helens, Portland, Oregon, determined a little over six months ago that she would have some land of her own; accordingly she settled on a piece of land two and one-half miles from Seaside. The *Astoria Transcript* tells the story in these words:

Miss Norton, who is a demi-blonde, of a slight wiry build weighing scarcely 100 pounds, modestly tells the following story of her residence in the wilderness:

"A little over six months ago I got the land fever and decided that I was going to have some real estate in my own name, and I located on a quarter section of government land near Seaside. The house, which I assisted in building, was made of shakes and located well up in the mountains, in a country well timbered and very wild. I had to carry all of my provisions from Seaside, two and one-half miles distant, and a good part of the narrow trail was through heavily timbered gulches. I lived there the whole six months cultivating my land myself, and building what fencing is required by the pre-emption laws.

"The nights were made hideous by the howls of bears and panthers and many a time they nearly scared the life out of me. I wasn't nearly as much afraid of them as I was of those terrible claim jumpers who wanted to get my claim. They made all kinds of threats even against my life in order to drive me off my land. When on my way to and from Seaside I often met some of them on the trail. But I never let them think for a moment that I was afraid. I faced them without a tremor when almost fainting from fright. They used to prowl around my cabin nights yelling and firing off their pistols. I finally bought a six-shooter, and made up my mind that if they attempted to carry out any threats I would use it.

"Their persecutions continued to the last and when I was ready to make my final proof they got my witnesses drunk and kept them in that condition for three or four days. I had to go to additional expense to get more witnesses. I finally proved up, though,

and I think I will get my land without any more trouble.

"It was a rough experience for me as I am not used to mountaineering, and if I had known at the outset what I would have to endure I doubt if I would have taken up the land."

County Clerk Trenchard says that her last witnesses were all that the law requires and that the little lady will in all probability get her claim.

BRIDGING BEHRING STRAITS.

John Muir says that he has by no means yet completed his explorations in Alaska. Although the bridging of Behring Straits has been widely ridiculed, Muir is inclined to think that such a feat will one day be accomplished. He says: "Senator Stanford's girdle of steel around the earth via Behring Sea is a perfectly feasible scheme. Behring Straits can be bridged. It is only sixty miles across in the narrowest place, and there are three islands strung along in it. This would divide the bridge up into four divisions. But, besides this, the water is very shallow. In many places it is not over twenty feet deep. I undertake to say that if a man was strong enough to take one of our California redwood trees in his hands he could put it down anywhere over the 600 miles of Behring Sea and yet have 100 feet of it left above the water. This shows how easy it would be to bridge the straits. The only trouble would be from floating icebergs, but that could be easily overcome by constructing swinging bridges, like they have across the river at Chicago. In this way the straits could be kept clear all the time, and trains of cars could run right along."

MORE FARMERS WANTED.

With the growth of our cities, a market has been made for the products of the legitimate farmer, and yet where do you find him? asks the *Whatcom*, Wash., *Reveille*. You can point to some noble examples; but the farmers who farm are like old maid's children—very scarce. Go to your best hotels and restaurants and call for a Puget Sound egg, or Puget

Sound butter, or Puget Sound cheese, or native milk. The egg you will receive will, on the same principle that a good Indian is a dead Indian, be a good egg, a venerable egg, wan and pale, and blue around the gills, with a very ancient and fish-like smell. It will be a Minnesota or Dakota egg that has grown stale in its long trip overland—not a "Sound" egg. Your milk will be dug out of a can, and when properly fixed up is a sad sight—it is sad milk—it looks sad and must undoubtedly feel blue. And yet the native fresh egg is worth forty cents per dozen, while its dead imported brother retails for twenty-seven cents, and the milk, fresh from the cow, is priceless. A great variety of other farm produce is imported. If any inquirer asks what business is not overdone on the Sound he can safely be told, "legitimate farming."

THE MAN THAT KNOWS IT ALL.

I have travelled near and far, selling varnish, paint and tar, and of side lines (on the sly) a score or two; such as neckties and suspenders, knives, and patent stocking menders, and of Hebrew hardware (clothing) not a few.

I have met of men a number, some were bright-hued, some were sombre, in the various complexion of the mind; rough and tough and soft and hearty, lean and stout and quick and tardy, men, in short, of every species and kind.

But of all that I remember none did ever rouse my temper as did one, whom I with angry thought recall; he was under the impression (and with never a concession) that he absolutely, positively knew it all.

He had studied long and close art and poetry and prose, poker, whist, and every game from dice to chess, Nature's laws, cause of creation, every country, every nation; he knew all to whom one desperately could digress.

In philosophy and science, metals, every kind of vlands, in medicinal knowledge, too, and deep religious themes; with encyclopedic detail he knew wholesale trade and retail, and a number of exceedingly money-making schemes.

Yet this perambulating college, with his universal knowledge, never seemed to make a cent in any way; he knew it all, but never did he anything whatever for which by any effort he could or did get pay.

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"The Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas," was spoken in derision but it was unconscious prophecy. From a mere town "just lying around loose" in 1880, it has grown to a city of 47,000 people in 1889; with a taxable valuation of \$20,000,000; with bank clearings of \$100,000,000; with 13,000 miles of tributary railroads; with 2,200 arrivals and clearances of lake vessels, handling 3,000,000 tons of lake freight; with an elevator capacity of 20,000,000 bushels, handling 17,700,000 bushels of wheat, (4,000,000 more than by Chicago); with a lumber, shingle and lath cut in tributary district of 351,000,000 feet; with water power capacity of 65,000 horse-power in tributary territory; with coal receipts of 1,500,000 tons; with iron ore shipments of 800,000 tons; with churches, schools, daily papers; it is the last sea port in the shortest journey from Europe to Asia, and the first water connection with the Atlantic from Asia to Europe.

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TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR POTATOES.

Thomas Morse, a farmer residing near Rockford, has just realized \$25 each for four potatoes, and at the same time has abundantly proven the assertion so frequently made that the Palouse Country could lead the world in the production of tubers. In response to an offer of a prize of \$100, made by the great seed house of Maul & Co., Philadelphia. Mr. Morse forwarded four potatoes weighing from two and one-half to three pounds each. Last Friday, just two months from the time of sending them, says the *Spokane Review*, Mr. Morse was made happy by receiving a draft from Maul & Co., for \$100, together with a letter congratulating him and stating that his potatoes would in all probability never be excelled. It is probable they never will be excelled outside the State of Washington, but are liable to be here. At least they have been frequently equalled, if not beaten, in the Palouse country, the land of wheat, potatoes and "garden sass."—*Colfax, Wash., Gazette.*

THE INDIANS ARE INCREASING.

The novelists, reporters and others who write Indian speeches, beginning with the words, "I am the last of my race, the red man is vanishing before the white man as the leaves," etc., had better look up the facts. It now seems that any statement to the effect that the number of Indian population is slowly decreasing is not in accord with the truth. The Indian is not dying off and vanishing from the earth any more than the Caucasian is. They have, for the most part, adopted semi-civilized habits and live quiet lives. They are increasing rather than decreasing. In the quiet, orderly communities of the Indian Territory, in the reservations of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Washington, and in the pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, the Indian is encamped peacefully, and his children are being educated. He is fairly prosperous, provided the Indian agent and the contractor do not try to starve him, and he is raising his family and increasing in the land.

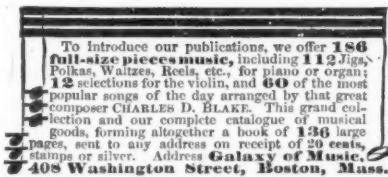
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[No. 1649.]

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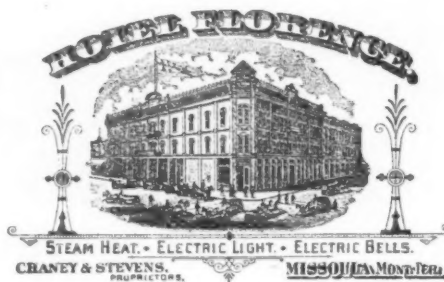
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We make a specialty of investing funds for non-residents. There are many enterprising persons who would like to invest in property that is rapidly advancing in value, but whose business prevents them from giving it personal attention. We exercise special care in making such investments and are prepared to give a satisfactory guarantee of 10 per cent. interest on the money we so invest. We have never made an investment for a non-resident that has not proven entirely satisfactory. Full information furnished on application. Free carriage to show the city to visitors and investors.

References: National Bank of Commerce, Traders Bank of Tacoma.

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TACOMA,

The Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad; the Head of Navigation, and
The Only Wheat Shipping Port on Puget Sound.

Look at the following evidences of its growth:

Population in 1880, 760.

Population, March, 1889, 22,000 to 25,000.

Assessed value of property in 1880.....	\$517,927
Assessed value of property in 1888, over.....	\$5,000,000
Real Estate Transfers for 1885.....	\$667,356
Real Estate Transfers for 1888.....	\$8,855,598
Coal shipped in 1882.....	(Tons) 56,300
Coal shipped in 1888.....	(Tons) 272,529
Crop of Hops in 1881.....	(Bales) 6,098
Crop of Hops in 1888.....	(Bales) 40,000
Lumber exported in 1888, over.....	(Feet) 73,000,000
Wheat shipped in 1888.....	(Bushels) 2,528,400
Miles of Railway tributary in 1880.....	136
Miles of Railway tributary in 1888.....	2,375
Regular Steamers in 1880.....	6
Regular Steamers in 1888, March.....	30
Banks in 1880.....	1

Banks Jan., 1889.....	6
Private Schools in 1875.....	0
Private Schools in 1888.....	3
Public Schools in 1880.....	2
Public Schools in 1888.....	6
Value of Public School Property.....	\$150,000
Value of Private School Property.....	150,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887.....	\$1,000,000
Money spent in Building improvements in 1888.....	2,148,572
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887.....	90,000
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888.....	263,200
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887.....	250,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888.....	506,000
The N. P. R. R. Co. will spend this year (1889) on Terminal Improvements.....	\$1,000,000.

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

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N. P. R. R. Headquarters Building.

Tacoma Investments.

E. BENNETT, OF TOPEKA, Importer of Percheron and Clydesdale horses, purchased 80 acres of land, \$350 per acre, 3 1/2 miles from P. O., Tacoma, Nov., 1888. As "Attorney in Fact," now selling lots at \$200 each, known as "Hunt's Prairie Addition." Over 1/3 sold. LOCAL TRAINS to Lake View passing through the tract, commence running soon, when prices will advance 25 per cent. Wm. McDougall, of New York, purchased in March 40 acres west of Tacoma, \$650 per acre. To-day it will sell readily for \$1,000. Can refer to many others if required.

Have some good Acreage suitable for Additions near the city.

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Birds-Eye View Lithographs of Tacoma, 24x36 inches, forwarded on receipt of 50 cents.

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BATHS FREE TO GUESTS.

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FLORA BROTHERS, Proprietors.

(On the European Plan.)

Why is it that so many thousand dollars are paid by Washington for Iowa eggs? Will Washington ever conclude to lay her own eggs? How long must her people submit to a foreign yolk? It is hard—yes, it is boiled hard,—and some different course of study must be prescribed for the home hens of the wide west.—Puyallup Commerce.

E. N. OUIMETTE,

TACOMA, WASH.,

Real Estate and Loans.

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Fifth Addition to Tacoma,

Situated on the line of street railway between Puyallup and Tacoma.

Price \$100 per Lot.

\$10 Cash, balance in Monthly Payments of \$10.

Ten per cent. discount for cash. A large list of inside property always on hand.

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Tacoma, Washington.

A New Addition to this City—

"Bethell's First,"

Situated in the Third Ward, and comprising Forty-two Lots, will be placed upon the market this fall at reasonable figures. Here is an opportunity to make an investment which will pay at least FIFTY per cent. profit inside of twelve months.

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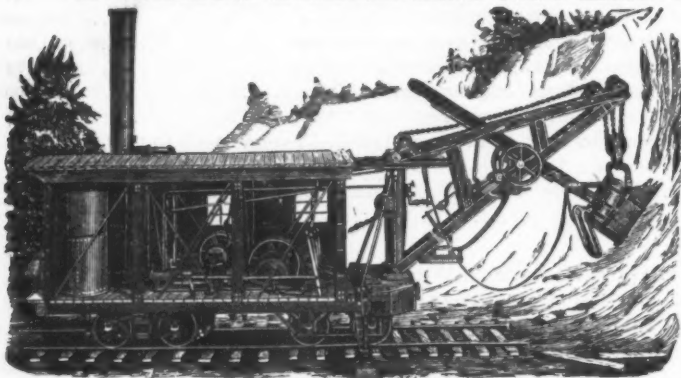
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CURRENT ANECDOTES.

A SHARP WITNESS.

Judge Wade (to witness on cross-examination)—"Now, Mr. Wood, you say you saw two kinds of paint on the sheep, and that one kind was put on over the other; please tell the jury which paint was put on first."

Witness—"That on the under side."—*Leviston (Mont.) Argus.*

A SACCHARINE PAIR.

Coming from Minneapolis Sunday afternoon the writer had the ill-fortune to sit in front of a saccharine pair who had evidently just been married or were on the brink of it. They kept up a whispering conversation for a mile or so, and then he broke out with:

"Do you like me?"

"Dunno," she replied, vaguely and dreamily.

"Don't you really like me a little bit?" he persisted pathetically.

"Dunno. Guess so," she responded, coyly.

"How much do you like me?"

"Oh, from here to St. Paul."

"Don't you like me back again?"

At this harrowing juncture a Salvation Army angel jingled her tambourine, and posterity will never know the rest, for about this time the couple became aware of the sad fact that there were others in the car.—*St. Paul News.*

DER HASH VAS GOOT.

A Dutchman was traveling in the far West, and stopping at a hotel in a small town called for dinner. He was a little late, and a big dish of hash was about all the waiter set before him. Being very hungry he could not restrain the anger that boiled up in him as he looked at the boiled down product of the hostelry.

"See here, my frund, did'n I dole you to bring me zum dinner? A tog couldn't eat dot shuff!" The waiter protested it was the best could be done, and the guest broke out again impatiently: "Vot ish dot? Der pest dot can be done for a hoongry draveler who goesh his breakfast mitout? Vere ish der landtort off dees meeserable hash house? Dell 'im to gook me somedings goot to eat at once fortwidt!"

The waiter disappeared through a side door and immediately afterward the startled guest heard a gruff and angry voice pronouncing these terrible sentences:

"The rascal refuses to eat the dinner furnished by my house! I'll see about it! Let me get at him!"

The guest began to shovel in the hash like unloading coal, and a fierce-whiskered, stalwart fellow with two pistols and a dirk at his waist came tramping toward the table.

"Haf I der bleasure of attressing der landtort? said the Dutchman, rising nervously, and bowing with extreme politeness.

"Meester Landtort, vill you please pe so kindt as to order der waiter to bring me a leetle more out dees hash?"—*Texas Siftings.*

HOW TWO OF A KIND GOT ACQUAINTED.

"This," said the man who was traveling on the cars, as he opened his valise and took out a bottle, "is a mixture called Dr. Jenkinson's Indispensable. I never travel without it. It is the best and most agreeable tonic now on the market, by all odds."

"I am not so sure about that," replied the man who was occupying the seat with him. "I have here"—and he opened his own valise and took out a bottle—"a tonic called Dr. Rybold's Extract, which I have used for several years and consider the best preparation ever made. No man ought ever to—"

"I have no doubt it is a fairly good medicine in its way," broke in the other, "but if you had ever tested Dr. Jenkinson's Indispensable you would throw that stuff of yours away."

"I know all about Dr. Jenkinson's nostrum, and I know exactly what it's made of."

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and I know Dr. Rybold's extract is made from precisely the same formula, only from pure materials instead of the vile and adulterated ingredients old Jenkinson uses."

"It's made from the same formula, is it?"

"Exactly the same."

"You lying old ignoramus, how do you know what it's made of?"

"How do I know, you insulting old scoundrel? I'm Dr. Rybold, sir!"

"I am glad I have found you out, you infernal villain. I am Dr. Jenkinson!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Look Here, Friend, Are You Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of Flora plexion, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

Northern Pacific RAILROAD LANDS FOR SALE.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has a large quantity of very productive and desirable

AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS

for sale at LOW RATES and on EASY TERMS. These lands are located along the line in the States and Territories traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad as follows:

In Minnesota,	-	-	-	Upwards of 1,450,000 Acres
In North Dakota,	-	-	-	6,700,000 Acres
In Montana,	-	-	-	17,600,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	-	-	-	1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	-	-	-	9,750,000 Acres

AGGREGATING OVER

37,000,000 Acres.

These lands are for sale at the LOWEST PRICES ever offered by any railroad company, ranging chiefly

FROM \$1.25 TO \$6 PER ACRE

For the best Wheat Lands, the best diversified Farming Lands, and the best Grazing Lands now open for settlement. In addition to the millions of acres of low priced lands for sale by the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., on easy terms, there is still a larger amount of Government lands lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands, open for entry, free, to settlers, under the Homestead, Pre-emption and Tree Culture laws.

TERMS OF SALE OF NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS.

Agricultural land of the company east of the Missouri River, in Minnesota and North Dakota, are sold chiefly at from \$4 to \$6 per acre. Grazing lands at from \$3 to \$4 per acre, and the preferred stock of the company will be received at par in payment. When lands are purchased on five years' time, one-sixth stock or cash is required at time of purchase, and the balance in five equal annual payments in stock or cash, with interest at 7 per cent.

The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$3.50 per acre, and grazing lands from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$5 per acre for agricultural land, and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased on five years' time, one-sixth cash, and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from \$2.50 to \$6 per acre. If purchased on five years' time, one-fifth cash. At end of first year the interest only on the unpaid amount. One-fifth of principal and interest due at end of each of next four years. Interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

On Ten Years' Time. Actual settlers can purchase not to exceed 320 acres of agricultural land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon on ten years' time at 7 per cent. interest, one-tenth cash at time of purchase and balance in nine equal annual payments, beginning at the end of the second year. At the end of the first year the interest only is required to be paid. Purchasers on the ten-years' credit plan are required to settle on the land purchased and to cultivate and improve the same.

For prices of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern Land district of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to A. G. POSTLETHWAITE, Gen'l Land Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

For prices of lands and town lots in Washington, Idaho and Oregon, Western land district of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to PAUL SCHULZE, Gen'l Land Agt., Tacoma, Wash.

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DO THIS! Send for the following named illustrated publications, containing sectional land maps, and describing the finest large bodies of fertile AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS now open for settlement in the United States.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company mail free to all applicants the following Illustrated Publications, containing valuable maps, and describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. They describe the country, the soil, climate and productions; the agriculture and grazing areas; the mineral districts and timbered sections; the cities and towns; the free Government lands; the low-priced railroad lands for sale, and the natural advantage which the Northern Pacific country offers to settlers. The publications contain a synopsis of the United States land laws, the terms of sale of railroad lands, rates of fare for settlers, and freight rates for household goods and emigrant movables. The publications referred to are as follows:

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts and the agricultural and grazing lands.

A MONTANA MAP, showing the Land Grant of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., and the Government surveys in the district covered by the map, with descriptions of the country, its grazing ranges, mineral districts, forests and agricultural sections.

ALSO SECTIONAL LAND MAPS OF DISTRICTS IN MINNESOTA.

When writing for publications, include the names and addresses of acquaintances, and publications will be sent to them also.

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P. B. GROAT,
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ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

CHAS. B. LAMBORN,
Land Commissioner,

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Wiggins—"Has Higgins settled down any?"
Jiggins—"Yes, I think he has by this time; he's been buried about three weeks."

Elephants have been known to live to the age of four hundred years.

Moral—Young man do not be in too much of a hurry to see the elephant. He'll keep.

GLAD HE WASN'T A TWIN.—"There is one thing, dear mamma, about your charming little boy which pleases me particularly," said the visitor, who had patiently submitted to having his corns trampled and his whiskers pulled out by young hopeful. "And that is?" smiled mamma. "Dear madam, that he is not a twin."

Usher (at reception in Chicago, pompously as Mr. Foot and daughters enter)—"Mr. Foot and the Misses Feet!"

And yet they say Chicago has no culture.

Guide (showing places of historic interest)—"It was in this room that Washington received his first commission."

Mr. Einstein—"His first commission! Ish dot so?"

Guide—"Yes, sir, it is a fact."
Mr. Einstein—"Vot percentage ov commission did he get?"

Juvenile Customer (doubtful): "I'm afraid you havn't any ribbon of the kind I want. Mamma said I must be sure to ask for mouse color."

Salesman (equal to the emergency, producing a bolt of fiery red ribbon)—"That's what this is—crushed mouse color. How many yards?"

"If," said a down-town school teacher to a very bad little girl in school, "if you don't behave yourself I'll write a note to your father." "Well," said the little child, "if you write a note to my father my mother will get jealous."

Mrs. Watts—What a sweet child your Willie is. He's a perfect little angel, I think." Mrs. Potts: "No, not quite. He takes after his father in some of his ways."

When Pope his harp attuned to lofty flight,
And sang these words, "Whatever is right,"
He never had smelled a dude's vile cigarette,
You bet.

Mrs. Newmarried—"Which one of your friends has had triplets born to him?" Mr. Newmarried: "None of them, my dear. Why?" Mrs. Newmarried: "Nothing, only I heard you say in your sleep, 'Got three of a kind, have you? Well, that beats me.'"



CONSULTATION IN A RESTAURANT.

Old Party, who hopes to get medical advice for nothing—"Ah, Doctor, how lucky that I meet you. I have a wretched cold. What would you advise me to take?"

Doctor—"Take a handkerchief."

Old Party—"And if that is not enough?"

Doctor—"Take two handkerchiefs."

THE RETORT DISCOURAGING.—Young Mr. Larkins wished to rent a type-writer, and a pretty young woman glibly explained the merits of several to him. After making his choice he said, facetiously: "Are you to let with the machine?" "No," she replied curtly, "I am to let alone."

AN UNPLEASANT CUSTOM.—"Mamma," said Miss Penelope Waldo of Boston, "I don't like that Mr. Breezy from the West whom we met last night. He is extremely uncouth." "How," inquired the old lady. "We were discussing riding, and he said that he rarely used a saddle and rode bare-back on almost all occasions. Of course one can dispense with a saddle if he wishes, but for anybody to ride about in his bare back is unnecessarily Western." And the old lady thought so too.



FATAL HARMONY.

Amiable Parent—"So you want to marry my daughter. Have you any expectations in the way of property?"

Suitor—"None whatever."

Amiable Parent—"Neither has my daughter. Take her and be happy."

Gohard—"So old Judge is dead. Did he leave many relations?"
Gollightly—"Yes, they are all left. He bequeathed his entire fortune to the church."

BEGINNING TO TELL ON HIM.—City Cousin: "How's your father, James?" Country Cousin: "Father isn't very well." City Cousin: "He must be getting along in years?" Country Cousin: "Only eighty-nine last spring." City Cousin: "What seems to be the matter with him?" Country Cousin: "Can't just say; I guess farming's beginning to tell on him."

"I will marry you, Mr. Kaw, only on one condition." "Name it!" eagerly responded the young man. "I'll submit to anything!" "That we make our home with papa is St. Louis," said the beautiful maiden, softly. With a despairing groan the Kansas City young man groped his way to the door and left her presence forever. She had asked too much.

She (between the acts)—"Where are you going?" He: "Out to see a man for a moment." She: "Is he going to buy it, or are you?"

Mrs. Jason—"What a poor spirited creature you are, Jehel. I wish you would be either a man or a mouse." Mr. Jason—"I wish I was a mouse. I'd make you climb the bedpost in a holy minute."

"Force, gentlemen," said the professor, "and power are not always found in large bodies. Sometimes the smallest things will be more powerful than great ones. Can you give me an illustration, Mr. Blowitin?" "The ace of trumps, sir," replied the student.

Old Guzzler, while traveling through Italy, was pestered out of his life by beggars. When he reached Pisa he went to see the Leaning Tower. After gazing at the tower for a moment he exclaimed: "Yes, you're very polite, d— you, and you can bow to me as much as you want to, but you won't get one infernal cent."

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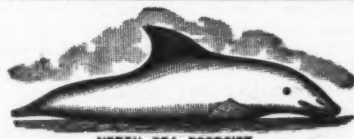
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AND

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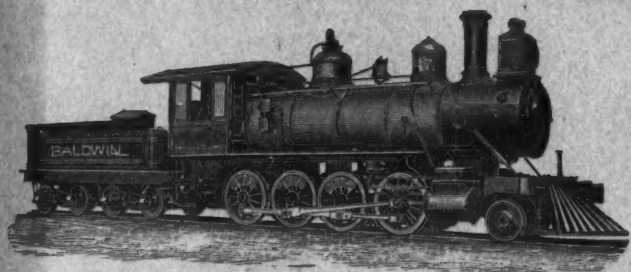
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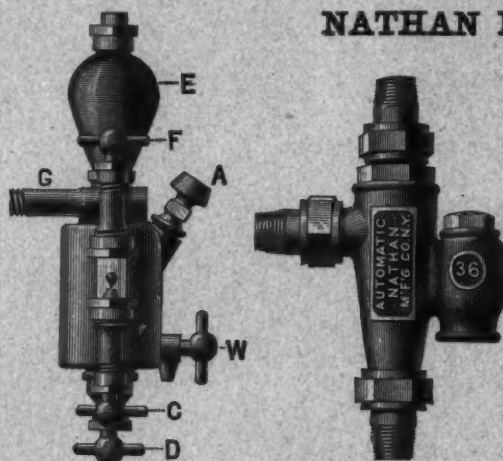
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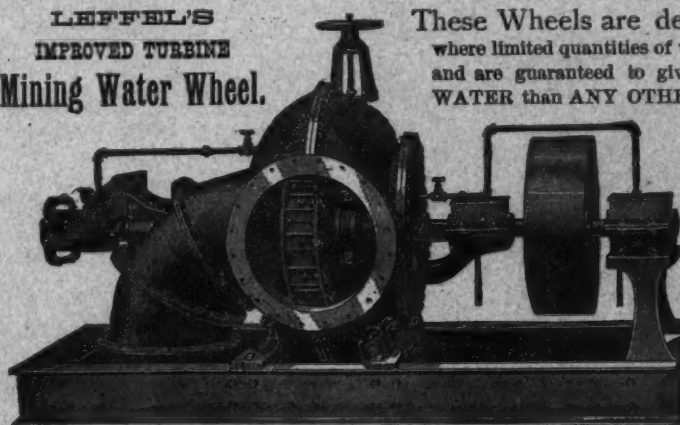


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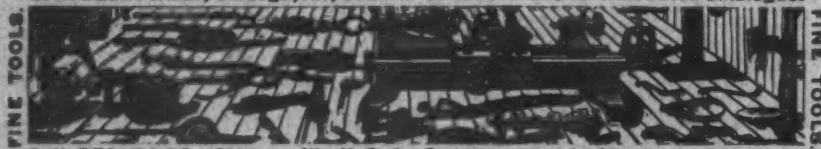
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